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For meaning of this number see page 173.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

What is Your Number?

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Public Trustee Scandal.

The Bishop and the Schoolmistress.

Dinuzulu.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Lawyers.

The Hurly Burly.

Among the Books.

Bull's Eyes. Letter Bag.

Racing Notes etc.

Modern Banking and Investment

Increase of Income by World-Wide Investment.

CONTENTS.

The Stock Markets: How to Profit by Them.
Investment and Speculation: Past, Present, and Future.
The Science of Investment.
How and When to Operate in Home Rails.
How and When to Operate in American Rails.
Points Concerning American Rails.
How to Invest in Mines.
The Controlling Groups in the Mining Market.
Call Option: The System Fully Explained.
Instalment Investment. Investment for Small Capitalists.
Insurance as a means of Raising, Saving and Investing Money.
Protection of Capital and Increase of Income.
Re-arrangement and Re-adjustment of Investments.
Stock Exchange Terms. Investment Tables.

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1D WEEKLY

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

South Leeds is the biggest blow the Government has received. To win by only a short head in such a contest is a terrible loss of prestige, and not unnaturally the Tariff Reformers and their allies are in joyous mood. It really begins to look as though what we call the country were changing what we also call its mind; and our advice to Ministers, if they wish to retain their salaries, is to stick to their portfolios and not bother about the Lords. The British public is in no mood for a constitutional struggle. Political heroics are dead, and all that Mr. Bull desires just now is to have his business attended to in a business-like and practical manner, and to be left alone.

A Guildford correspondent informs us that certain prominent local Tories are circulating a card bearing the following choice composition:—

AN UNCLE'S ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW.

Alfred, my boy, never run down the Radicals, for God made Radicals. God made Radicals the same as He made Fleas, Lice, Bugs, Snakes, and all other beastly, crawling, cringing things. Why He made them He only knows. But some day in His divine goodness He may enlighten us, though up to now I'll be d.....d if ever I could find out why.

Our correspondent asks how this compares with Mr. Boulter's "blasphemy." But the most obvious comment upon it is that God, in His infinite wisdom, also made its author, which passeth understanding.

That was very far from being a pleasant incident which characterised the King's visit to Brighton. His Majesty had no sooner arrived than a meeting of local unemployed was hastily convened and a march to the Duke of Fife's house resolved on. The demonstrators set out with banners and signs, bearing such legends as "Shall Brighton people starve?"; and seeing that their object was a disturbance, the police barred the way. A general scuffle appears to have resulted, several men being knocked down. Our sympathy with genuine unemployed anywhere will not be suspected. But these banners in readiness for emergency place the Brighton demonstrators under suspicion of being at once something more and something less than men in search of work. In any case, the tactics of their leaders cannot be too strongly condemned. Our King is the people's King, and anything he could do in his place for the settlement of the problem of the unemployed he may be trusted to do. But the King, as the leaders well know, is simply a man acting in a constitutional State under the advice of constitutional advisers, and to demonstrate against him personally is to insult him. In his own person he can do nothing except relieve necessitous cases through the channels of charity like any other private gentleman, and not half a hundred demonstrations against him would do the unemployed any good whatever. On the other hand, it might easily mean harm.

We cannot congratulate Dom Manuel on remaining away from the funeral of his father and brother. It is all very fine for him to say that he was not actuated by fear, but by prudence. We have only his word for that, and many will be unable to distinguish very clearly between those two kinds of caution. Surely this was the moment to make a show of courage and inspire some confidence in the new régime. So far, the friends of the assassins seem to have obtained all they asked for, which is not very encouraging to those Portuguese who believe in constitutional agitation.

That jewel mystery becomes thicker and thicker, and if the details of the story were gathered together and turned into the warp and woof of a novel, they could out-Holmes Sherlock Holmes and provide a dash of that spice of bureaucratic secrecy in investigation which forms the hardest stone that our writers have to hurl at the Russian Government. That under the British Constitution a public official should be tried by a Star Chamber and held up before the world, practically unheard, as something little less than a criminal is a matter that should make liberty-loving Britons rise and execrate those who have trampled under-foot the privileges secured for each subject of the British Crown under Magna Charta. Let it be said at once that for certain reasons Lord Aberdeen should be the first in the land to call for the sworn judicial inquiry which has been demanded by Sir Arthur Vicars, the pathetic victim of this piece of savage injustice.

Last week we had something to say about Dublin Castle. It may have seemed to be exaggerated; but the picture was by no means overdrawn. If anybody suspects the pigments of being too glaring, let him consider these facts. A minor official of the Castle is condemned by the precious "Commission" because he kept company with a lady *who had entree to Dublin Castle*, and was as well known there as she is now in the gaol where she is working out a sentence for dishonesty. The question is, if this lady was too bad to be a friend of an official, how does it come that she was good enough to receive invitations to the Castle from the Chamberlain, and to be let loose among that strange medley of people who make up the pot-pourri that is known as the "Castle circle"? If the unfortunate man who was condemned because he knew her should have known her character, surely to goodness the officials responsible for the Castle invitations should have also been cognisant of her record. But, as pointed out by the writer of our article, society having deserted Dublin Castle, the highways and byways are scoured for "guests," and little account seems to be taken of character so long as the person presented lives in a villa rated at twenty pounds a year.

We yield to no one in our zeal for the welfare of children. But we must say we think the proposed legislation, which certain hysterical papers have dubbed the "Children's Charter," does go a bit too far. We shall have to keep our eye upon it in Committee. That young persons of nearly sixteen should be subjected to the confiscation of their tobacco by policemen will arouse many heartburnings. How is Robert to know whether we are over sixteen or not? Are we to carry on our person copies of our birth certificate? And why differentiate between the criminality of juvenile smoking in the open air or within doors? Surely in the open air it is far more innocuous. But perhaps the idea is to spare fastidious hypocrites the annoyance of witnessing such depravity. We object also to the complete abolition of imprisonment for juvenile offenders. Young hooligans, torturers of animals, rick-burners and train-wreckers ought not to be too leniently dealt with. It is true that they may still be sent to reformatories, but probably in the present squeamish condition of public opinion those places will soon become palaces of pleasure and gardens of delight. Finally we regard with intense suspicion the proposal to compel parents to pay fines incurred by their offspring. It is all very well to say that the parents ought to have brought the brats up better, but every one of us must have in his mind plenty of instances of excellent parents who possess absolutely incorrigible children. If this theory of parental responsibility be stretched too far, none of us will ever dare to increase the population, at any rate, if we are prudent. Think of the anxiety of a man who has three or four boys under sixteen at work in different parts of the country. At any moment he may receive a telegram informing him that he has to pay a fine for one of them, or, presumably, go to prison in default. The last straw will be when the legislature enacts that affiliation orders shall apply to the grandparents of illegitimate children.

We wish we could persuade newspapers to abandon the perfunctory article which is usually as tedious as it is unnecessary. On all sorts of occasions, when something has happened which needs absolutely no comment, we are treated to columns of verbiage, reiterating obvious truths or inexactitudes. A bye-election is an excellent case in point. Before we open our budget of journals in the morning we can tell almost to an adjective exactly what pæans will be raised by the victors, what cries by the vanquished. The people we pity most are those unfortunate slaves of the quill, whose dismal treadmill it is to mark time with the same old phrases and the same musty party-cries. No one else need be pitied, for no one need read their rhodomontades.

Cromwell managed things better than his prototype Franco, of Lisbon, and his statue, placed near my Lords' House of Parliament, shows how the whirligig of time brings its revenges. By the way, in these times of rowdy elections, blasphemy prosecutions, and unemployed marchings, some of the rhymes used by the Ironsides would be very appropriate. Here is a specimen of what was then in vogue:—

"March, march, march, pinks of Election;
Why the devil don't you march onward in order?
March, march, march, dogs of Redemption,
Ere the blue bonnets come over the border."

The gentleman who failed to get hanged some years ago, and who, since his return from durance vile, has been relating his experiences in a Sunday paper, need not think he is the only pebble on the beach. For years a man earned his living as a stableman at Malton, who was known as "Half-hanged Smith." In Chambers' "Cases of Circumstantial Evidence," instances are given of persons taken from the gallows having been resuscitated, and we have in Dickens' tragic story of "The Black Veil" the mother of a hanged man imploring a surgeon to revive him, as she had heard of such things being done. For erstwhile decent papers to embellish and publish a long-drawn-out, sordid tale of this sort is, however, playing the new journalism down very low indeed.

Certain professors of religion in conference at the Westminster Palace Hotel are still afraid to stand forth naked and unashamed. The old cloak of humbug and hypocrisy is thrown over the proposal to urge legislation to deprive barmaids of their employment, and the reason, as stated by the Bishop of Southwark, was that for "women's attractions to be commercially exploited and to have commercial value was morally wrong!" What price the daughters of Mayfair and Park Lane in the marriage market, and the engagement of our actresses at fashionable bazaars?

On the whole, the result of the recent "Blasphemy" prosecution, as it was called, is satisfactory. It indicates that the twenty-five years which have elapsed since Mr. Foote was sent to prison (by a venomous Roman Catholic) because, in his judgment, as a man of culture, he adopted what may be termed Salvation Army methods of propagating his views on Christianity, have marked a great advance in tolerance and commonsense. For here we have a strong and somewhat bigoted Churchman like Mr. Justice Phillimore exercising all the influence of his office, and all the ingenuity of his brain, to find a means of escape from passing sentence upon a man convicted of a similar offence. Let it be clearly understood that we in no way approve of Mr. Harry Boulter's method of controversy. We dislike hearing an Agnostic throwing coarse abuse at Christianity just in the same way as we dislike hearing Christians hurling coarse abuse at Agnosticism—or Individualists slandering Socialists, or Protestants reviling Romanists. But that is all a matter of taste, or of temperament. We have never been able to understand why any form of religion, conscious of its inherent truth, should seek State protection, but when it comes to Police protection we think it time to suggest that a halt should be called. If the blasphemy laws are to be revived, then let us also all go to gaol for encouraging Sunday trading or failing to attend our parish church.

"Politics on the Bench" is a familiar line, but surely there was never a more striking case of it than recently occurred in the Basingstoke County Court. A railway

workman, being brought up under a judgment summons, pleaded that he had been unable to keep up his payments "because coal and that was so dear." Whereupon His Honour Judge Gye observed, "I thought when this Government came in things were going to be cheaper. Is bread dearer?" Being answered in the affirmative, His Honour continued, "And sugar?" Again the answer was eminently satisfactory to His Honour, who then followed up with "Tea?" Then came the startling question, "Which way did the man vote last time?" with this judicial addendum, "If he voted the wrong way, it serves him right"—and thereupon the railway workman was ordered to pay a shilling a month. We must keep our eye on old Judge Gye.

The *Evening News* said the other day, "Butter is going up. There is nothing extraordinary in that. What we want to find is the necessary of life that is getting cheaper under the enlightened principles of Free Trade." Nor is there anything extraordinary in the political mendacity of our contemporary. The other Carmelite organ, the *Daily Mail*, gives the true cause of the rise in butter. "Drought in Australia is the primary cause of the advance," it says, "experts estimating a shortage of the season's output in the British markets of no less than 12,500 tons. In New Zealand there has been a greater output of cheese, and this has caused an export of butter to this country of some 1,500 tons less. Higher prices, it is expected, will continue for a period of six or eight weeks, when the new make butter from the Continent, particularly Denmark and Russia, will afford relief." It is really refreshing to find one Carmelite newspaper giving another Carmelite newspaper the lie direct. That is real Free Trade.

This fable about butter is worth pressing home. To take the facts, butter has gone up in price because of the reduction in the supplies sent from our Colonies, and we shall all have to pay higher prices for six or eight weeks till the Continental butter comes over to relieve the situation. To take the possibilities, supposing under a Tariff Reform system, this coming Continental butter were taxed at the port of entry in England, the result would be that the Colonial shortage would cause high prices to rule for an indefinite period. Not only should we have to pay higher prices on the Colonial butter, but we should have to pay higher prices on the Continental butter. As matters are, the Continental butter will come in free as soon as ready for export, and prices will go down again. Isn't it rather significant in the case for Colonial preference that we should have to tax Continental butter to give a preference to a Colonial article so liable to fail us? "Ah," say the Tariff Reformers, "but English farmers would then be making more butter." No doubt. But why? Only because they could charge more for it than at present. See?

Considering that he was not born into the trade, as it were, like some of us, the late Sir James Knowles had almost an eerie faculty of getting big men to write for him in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is no secret in select circles how he did it, of course; he not only knew the game, but played off all the players one against another with the view of making the spectacle worth watching. We hope his letters have been preserved, for they will be well worth printing. He must have been in communication with every notable public man of his time. Many of the things they said of each other to Knowles would be delightful to hear; and now that they and he—bishops, agnostics, politicians, and philosophers alike—have entered into Paradise, there seems no reason why Knowles should not have the biographer he deserves.

By-the-bye, it was for Knowles that Huxley did most of his hip and thigh work. It was in the *Nineteenth Century* that this "high example of a temperate and well-behaved blasphemer" went for all the gods he disliked in theology and politics with the fervour of a crusader. Huxley may be said to have been Knowles's ever-ready scalp hunter; the larger the head, the more he used to yearn for it hanging by the hair from his belt. His controversies with Wace and Gladstone are unforgettable, and there is some evidence that he was urged on to them by Knowles, who probably was equally industrious in urging Wace and Gladstone to keep their own ends up. He loved a phrase, did Knowles; and in Huxley he got plenty of mustard, pepper, and vinegar for his money. Not many editors, perhaps, would have allowed even Huxley to describe the miracle of the swine possessed of devils as "The Gadarene Pig Affair." But there in the *Nineteenth Century* it is, in cold print. The best days of the review are undoubtedly over. It may be questioned, indeed, whether there is much of a field for any monthly in these fast-rushing, hustling, and bustling times. Besides, there are no giants in these days. Sir James Knowles knew and outlived them all.

Those on the spot in India are probably best able to judge whether it is necessary for British troops to go forth and whack the Zakka Khels. On the face of it, there seems no reason to doubt that this particular section of the Afridis have been presuming on our good nature for a long time, and that, as a result of their organised raids for plunder, several of our people have been killed. Mr. Morley is not to be suspected of starting a "little war" with the object of giving the Indian troops a little exercise; but a protest is certainly necessary against the reported decision of Lord Kitchener to refuse permission to war correspondents to accompany the forces. Doubtless he is taking a leaf out of the book of the Japs, who kept most of the war correspondents twiddling their thumbs in Tokio, kept those "at the front" a good distance in the rear, and censored their messages with an effective talent. But this advance of troops is one within our own Empire, and the public have every right to see how the red game progresses. What we wish to point out to Lord Kitchener is that the whacking of the Zakka Khels is not his private picnic.

It does not appear to us that Mr. Jellicoe, the barrister who went out to defend Dinizulu, has succeeded in being of much value to his client. It may be true, and probably is, that Dinizulu is not getting, and will not get, a fair trial, that the evidence against him is being raked up in every corner of Zululand—even thirteen-year-old children being pressed into service to trot out vague stories—and that the whole business from beginning to end is the put-up job of political and other adventurers who are seeking to exploit the four million acres of territory reserved to the natives under the Annexation Act. But all this must have been obvious to Mr. Jellicoe before he left London; and it is really difficult to see in what way he helps Dinizulu by throwing up his brief because he finds the condition of things pretty much as other people anticipated he would find them. As counsel for Dinizulu Mr. Jellicoe should have fought the irregularities in the proceedings step by step, and exhausted the processes of law in the effort to secure for his client every right to which he could properly lay claim. Instead, he retires from the defence, sends a long screed of grievances to the Governor, and hands it for publication to the newspapers. Looking at the matter from a public point of view, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Jellicoe has proved himself a lath painted to look like iron.

While Dinizulu remains in gaol, the Governor of Natal is making a tour of Zululand, in the course of

which, we are told in the official or semi-official message handed to Reuter, the natives held an indaba at N'Kandhla, where all the local chiefs expressed their satisfaction at the removal of Dinizulu. Like the doctor's physic, this sort of thing should be well shaken before taken. It merely expresses by allegation what the nigger-hunters and exploiters want to make the Zulus believe as a fact. Instead of going into Zululand at this time, the Governor would be a great deal better employed in taking care that the law shall not be strained against Dinizulu. We have undertaken the protection of the natives, and it will be an everlasting disgrace to the Empire if we turn our protection into oppression, and shuffle off our moral and political obligations towards them in order to line the pockets of white speculators.

Who says that 13 is an unlucky number? Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., drew this in the ballot for Private Members' Bills, and then as the members who had drawn the first twelve numbers wouldn't risk the closing of the debate on the Address by the first available Friday, Mr. Dickinson took that day and got his Bill in before any of the others. This is the third time that he has been well in front in the ballot, and unless we are successful shortly, we shall have to call attention to the violation of the Lottery Act, by means of which the order of Private Members' business is regulated.

One of the most charming bits of news we have heard for a long time is that Mr. W. T. Stead intends to shave his beard and dress himself up as Oliver Cromwell in a pageant. He told a reporter, with pride, that he had never owned or used a razor in his life, but that he was willing to shave not only his face but his head if this new form of advertisement were permitted to him. We do not quite understand how or why he was permitted to retain his microbe-nest during his sojourn in gaol, but it will certainly be appropriate that he should be cropped in order to fit him to appear in the rôle of a regicide. Indeed, it would be an act of historical retribution if the barber made a mistake and clipped off the imitation Cromwell's ears. We do not quite understand why Borough Councils are lending themselves to all this mummery, but we will forgive them a good deal if they can induce a few more public men to masquerade in the guise of their favourite historical characters. We might see Arthur Balfour as Lady Godiva, a suffragette decked out in woad to represent Boadicea, Harry Chaplin as Falstaff, Lord Yarmouth as Henry VIII., and Mr. Justice Grantham as Judge Jeffreys.

Here is something unpleasant to think about. Last year thirteen people, supposed to be dead, were buried alive, or at all events coffined. With the present methods of death certification it is by no means improbable that many more cases occur than those recorded. In the trance and cataleptic state the outward appearances are similar to those in cases of death; and where the death certificate is given by a doctor who does not examine the body, premature burial may take place even while the victim is fully conscious of everything passing around without being able to give a sign of life to anybody. Even apart from such cases there are abnormal physical conditions which distracted relatives may easily mistake for those of death. It is not a subject upon which we care unnecessarily to dwell. We only draw attention to the facts and possibilities in order to assist, as far as we are able, the efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial to promote legislation with the object of amending the law in relation to the giving of death certificates. A Bill is already drafted, and we think it might well go into the list of unopposed measures.

It has arrived at last, that taxicab; and now we can go "all the way for sixpence" behind a gee-gee. The journey won't be as swift as the wind, but it won't be as risky, or as smelly, as a motor-cab. Even feeble old ladies will now be able to hail a hansom without fear of being blustered out of half-a-crown for a shilling ride. For there, in front of their eyes, the fare will be ticked off large and luminous, and at the end of the journey they may step out and pay the exact price to a penny, conscious that they have not been "done." With a clear conscience they may even give jehu an extra penny for himself, and solemnly warn him not to dissipate it on the wild orgies of drink. But, after all, taxy or no taxy, the horse and the hansom alike are but the fleeting shadow of a dream. A few years hence, and they will have passed from the streets, the one to make good leather, the other to make good firewood. Let us therefore in the interregnum take our six-penn'orths behind the shafts early and often. Let us support what Birmingham would call "a ruined industry." Let us give the foolish, purblind, vanishing jehu, who lost his opportunity because he would take it not, one more chance to make the most of his day and generation ere he too becomes a lost word in history, and a salient warning to all who will not see farther than their nose.

Miss Murby, of the Clapham Branch of the Women's Freedom League, is by way of being a statesman in petticoats. Of all the ladies who adorn the tribune of the sex she seems to be the one splendid figure who discerns the dire need of constitutional methods of agitation. Not for her the frivolity of chaining herself to railings, or of knocker-banging at Ministerial doors. Not for her the thunder of the captains on the doorsteps and the shouting. "We have got to get this vote by persuasion," she told her colleagues in conference at Caxton Hall, "and not by noisy demonstration." True, O lady of stout heart and discerning eye, and yet they cried upon thee "Shame! Shame!" many a time and oft. Still, the good word, the true, farseeing word, has "got itself uttered," as Carlyle would have said, and it shall not die.

Somebody in one of the less important papers has been letting himself go on the subject of the M.P.'s strenuous life. We wish we had seen it about. In point of fact the one thing this Government, and all other Governments, ask for is that the M.P. shall be blessedly unstrenuous; shall do nothing more, in fact, than save his breath and use his legs; use his legs, moreover, only for the purpose of walking in and out of the lobby at the sound of a bell. For the rest of the time he may sit and smoke, and take of the wine when it is red and the whisky when it is Scotch, or play chess, or write his private letters, or gossip pleasantly with his fellows on all things in heaven, and earth, or the waters under the earth. But "strenuous"—well. pray do not tickle us with a feather.

Lord Curzon's maiden excursus into the field of foreign politics does not appear to have been fortunate. He made it his special business to attack the Anglo-Russian agreement with respect to Persia; and while we do not approve on principle of the cool, calm impudence of British Governments of both parties in parcelling out other people's territories in certain eventualities, Lord Curzon merely disapproves on the ground that Russia in this case has got the best of the bargain. On this point, his lordship has received the snub direct from his titular leader, Lord Lansdowne. The treaty will heal many old sores, allay dangerous rivalries, draw the two nations closer together, and "make for what is the greatest of all British interests—the peace of the world." Rising from the Liberal ranks, Lord Crewe echoes that sentiment. Hence

Lord Curzon withdraws his demand for papers and becomes rather small potatoes. Nevertheless, it may be that his lordship is right. Whatever may be thought of the moral aspects of the matter, Russia does seem to be in the way of getting the biggest plum in the pie.

Mr. Robert Pearce's Daylight Bill having got no forrarder by reason of being blocked, Mr. Glover, M.P. for St. Helens, waltzes into the hurly-burly with the proposition that the Calendar is not all that it should be, and that it ought to be altered so as to have only 364 days in the year. This would give each quarter ninety-one days. New year's day would then be a "special" for Englishmen and an "extra special" for Scotch. Leap day would also stand apart, and as a special holiday might be reserved for ladies out to try their luck. In all ages and in all countries somebody can always be found with a yearning to tinker with the Calendar, which has really nothing much the matter with it as it stands. The Georgian alterations are now completely acclimatised.

Cadging under the pretence of patriotism is no new offence. But one of its lowest forms is well illustrated by a recent appeal on behalf of a memorial to Wolfe at Quebec. It is to take the form of a gigantic statue of Peace with a lift to convey visitors up into her head. There they will be privileged to behold, not only a view of the neighbourhood but the names of all, who have subscribed a shilling, carefully carved upon the wall. We have always considered it one of the main horrors of sight-seeing that it is impossible to get away from the names of obscure and vulgar persons, which are scribbled or cut upon nearly every monument. It may perhaps be a little less offensive to find the names symmetrically carved by the local mason, but most people will deprecate the public recognition of a disgusting habit. Nor can we imagine any possible advantage to be derived from this piece of folly. Visitors will find no pleasure in surveying the wilderness of inscriptions, and the owners of the names must be very easily gratified if they can swell with pride at the thought that they have added to the mason's futile labours. Yet the yellow press prattles grandiloquently about "immortality for a shilling." We shall be vastly surprised if a single shilling is attracted by this idiotic proposal.

The Willesden lady who appeared in court the other day and objected to pay the local rates because they had gone up from £4 15s. to £5 7s. 6d., seems rather an unique specimen of a charming sex. The magistrate pointed out that the increase in the rates "could not be helped." But the lady was not to be put off with that bland expression of hopelessness. "Oh, yes it can," said she. "Discharge some of the officials. Whenever I go to the Council offices they are cleaning their finger nails." Now we come to think of it, the lady is probably right and the magistrate probably wrong. Doubtless considerable sums in rates go to the permanent endowment of manicure in the public service, and we hereby suggest to Mr. Burns that he should institute a Commission of Inquiry to ascertain the actual amount of the same, or, in the alternative, that the Public Accounts Committee should seek the powers of inspection we have already suggested.

A reader wishes to know the correct way of pronouncing certain names. We give the names, with the correct, or, at any rate, the fashionable pronunciation: — Abergavenny — Abergeny; Beauchamp — Beecham; Bethune—Beeton; Bicester—Bister; Bourchier—Bowcher; Coke — Cook; Froude — Frood; and Cholmondeley—Chumley. We desire to add, however, with a view to saving further inquiry, that the last precedent does *not* govern the name of the Editor.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that it "was machinery which brought the vast population of Lancashire into existence,"
MR. HAROLD COX, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the plaintiff, who was blind, . . . saw his doctor, who found him suffering from concussion,"
THE *DRAPER'S RECORD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a bishop's ride on the back of a bull as "a remarkable equestrian feat,"
THE *NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at the Caxton Hall Conference that everything done by the Suffragettes "was done in a dignified and proper manner,"
MRS. HOW MARTYN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to the Daily News *as "the leading organ of true Liberalism,"*
A. W. WATSON (of 14, Loudoun Road, N.W.),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "'Local Option' was based on the true principles of democracy,"
MISS FLORENCE BALGARNIE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Princess Patricia has gone to visit her sister at Sweden, and the Court being in mourning, the two sisters WILL HAVE A PLEASANT TIME TOGETHER,"
THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "a crested hairless terrier,"
MRS. BROWN (of Kensington High Street)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For warning its readers on page 8 *against Steel Trusts and booming them up to the skies in the same issue,*
THE *EVENING STANDARD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

The following claims have been received for issue of January 4th:—
Miss M. STANESBY, 51, Prestbury Road, Macclesfield. (No. 6044.)
Mr. H. BUCKLE, The Retreat, Worcester Park, Surrey. (No. 69495.)
Mr. B. F. GAYES, 44, Morgan Road, Bromley, Kent. (No. 53651.)
Mr. JAMES MEAL, 57, Raymouth Road, Rotherhithe, S.E. (No. 78777.)
Mr. JAMES CARRUTHERS, 38, Harcourt Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow. (No. 98456.)

The following claims have been received for issue of January 11th:—
Mr. M. BARBER, 38, Kingsgate Road, Kilburn, N.W. (No. 59390.)
Mrs. L. E. BOWN, 44, Grantham Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. (No. 106934.)
Mr. WM. TAYLOR, 37, Edithna Street, Stockwell, S.W. (No. 109748.)
Mr. H. HODGES, 39, Northborough Road, Norbury, Surrey. (No. 50769.)
Mr. W. C. MITCHELL, The Acacias, Vale Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. (No. 111708.)
Mr. C. B. KNOCK, 61, Hodges Street, Wigan. (No. 112738.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of JANUARY 18th:—

1512	23604	54898	72178	90074
3557	24175	56478	76369	90158
3681	25466	56885	76865	93544
4564	32267	60256	82518	93961
5062	35343	60919	82882	99197
14495	37146	63825	83070	105629
14886	39452	66446	83525	107708
15209	41466	66942	83923	110692
20788	47707	67543	83981	110761
20934	50033	71574	85107	111981

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MARCH 28TH (PUBLISHED MARCH 26TH).

DINUZULU.

By A. Werner.

The Zulus and England.

The notion that Dinuzulu, by his mere presence in Zululand, constitutes an element of danger is an old and rooted error not easy to combat. It dates from the days when his father was conceived to be a standing menace to Natal; and the fact that it is entertained by Colonists, "men on the spot," who would be the first to suffer were the danger to become a reality, tends to invest it with a certain authority. Yet it can be shown that the Colonists themselves have, in the past, acted under the influence of panics which proved to be unfounded. Thus, in 1861, a rumoured Zulu invasion sent the inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg into laager, while the Zulus were endeavouring to place their women and children in safety against an imminent attack on the part of the whites. It was never known how either of these rumours originated.

The Zulus have never, from the time the English first came into contact with them, shown themselves other than friendly to us. Neither Tshaka, Dingane, nor Mpande ever did anything to break this friendship. The domestic disputes of Mpande's reign, though complications were at one time feared from some of the Princes having taken refuge in the Colony, never interrupted it. The same line of conduct was pursued by Cetshwayo, both during his minority and after his installation in 1873. The war of 1879 was forced upon him, partly through the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, which made us responsible for the Boers' quarrel with the Zulus, partly because of the doctrine which had by that time gained acceptance, that an independent "savage" state cannot be allowed to exist on the frontiers of a civilised one.

A "Savage" State.

It is open to argument that this impossibility may exist in some cases; it is fairly clear that Zululand is not one of them. Cetshwayo would have welcomed a British Resident, and was eager to adopt such European ways as were suited to the character and culture-stage of his people. He had, even before his succession, done his best to abolish the laws relating to witchcraft, but in this he was too far in advance of his times, and had to content himself with exercising such clemency as he found practicable in their execution. He also wished to reform the old Draconic marriage laws, but here, too, public opinion was at the time too strong for him, and the war of 1879 put an end to his efforts. It is an instance of the tragic irony of things that one of the "atrocities" alleged against him were three cases in which this law had been put in force without his knowledge or sanction.

All this is ancient history, but it must be borne in mind if we wish to understand the present position.

The Wolseley Settlement.

Cetshwayo being defeated and sent a prisoner to St. Helena, the country was arbitrarily cut up, under Lord Wolseley's "settlement," into thirteen chieftainships, held by men who either had to be rewarded for services rendered during the war—as the Basuto chief, Hlubi—or were expected to prove useful instruments in the hands of the Government—as Zibelu, whose "time-serving disposition" seems to have been his chief recommendation. John Dunn was probably appointed for both reasons. The Usutu—the clan to which Cetshwayo belonged—were placed under the rule of Zibelu, who, though a connection of the Royal house, had a long-standing quarrel with them, and made use of his newly-acquired power to wreak his revenge. It was Zibelu who (assisted by one or more lawless white adventurers) attacked the royal kraal at Ulundi, and perpetrated the massacre of August, 1883.

This happened after Cetshwayo's "restoration"—so-called; it was, in fact, a handing over bound to the tender mercies of his enemies. He died on February 8, 1884, one might say, of a broken heart. His eldest son, Dinuzulu ("For whom the Zulus weary"—*i.e.*, Le Désiré), was then a boy of ten or eleven, under the guardianship of his uncles, Ndabuko and Tshingana. Harassed and persecuted by Zibelu's *impis*, these men used all their influence to keep the Usutu quiet. "They must be patient and await the word of the Government." That Government lent its sanction to forcible evictions of the wretched people who were displaced to allow the settlement of Zibelu's followers. Growing bolder with encouragement, Zibelu went still further. After he had wantonly attacked an Usutu kraal and massacred a number of unarmed people there, the chiefs sent a respectful message to the Governor of Natal, inquiring whether it was by authority of the Government that Zibelu did these things. Sir Arthur Havelock, in reply, denied that Zibelu had any such authority; further conveyed what was, quite excusably, understood as a permission to defend themselves, if attacked. This they accordingly did, smiting Zibelu hip and thigh, and thus proving that it was not weakness which had previously held them passive.

The "Rebellion."

This purely self-defensive action constituted the alleged "rebellion" of 1888, for which the lad Dinuzulu and his uncles were tried at Etshowe in the following year. That trial was notoriously unfair, and but for the exertions of Miss Colenso and the late Mr. Escombe, who undertook the defence of the chiefs, would have ended in the capital sentence. As it was, all three were banished to St. Helena—a fate, in their eyes, worse than death.

The trial lasted for some six months, closing on April 27th, 1889; but the chiefs' fate remained in suspense for nine months longer, the original sentences of imprisonment (10, 12, and 15 years respectively) being commuted to exile. They sailed for St. Helena in February, 1890.

The Terms of Restoration.

The terms of Dinuzulu's restoration, after his eight years' exile, must be borne in mind. He was allowed to return—not in any sense as paramount chief of the Zulus, but as "induna and confidant to the supreme authority." He was to be "tribal head of those people who live" in the district assigned to the Usutu (not necessarily all of them Usutu, nor yet the whole of the Usutu) and "to occupy as well the position of a central official under the supreme authority." This last condition has been completely ignored—neither Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson nor Sir Henry McCallum, in their capacity of Supreme Chief, ever conferred with Dinuzulu on Native Affairs. His power has therefore been confined to that of a tribal head in the Ndwandur District, though it is quite in accordance with the bad old tradition of native administration to make him responsible for occurrences outside it.

There is not a shadow of evidence to connect Dinuzulu with the "series of outrages and murders" alleged to have occurred in Zululand during the last year which has been sufficiently commented on in the daily papers to reduce it to its just proportions. But it is brought as an accusation against him that the Zulus regard him as their rightful and paramount chief—that his influence with them is unbounded. Probably we are meant to infer that, if he used his influence in the right way, no murders or other crimes would be committed in the country.

What Should be Done.

But I think the usual suggestion is that, in looking to Dinuzulu as their natural and rightful head, the Zulus are contemplating the possibility of rebellion. Of this, the burden of proof lies with the accusers, and an impartial survey of the last few years makes it difficult to resist the conviction that they have been unwearied in their efforts to manufacture proof. Did space allow, it would be possible to produce detailed evidence of this. However, the point to emphasise just now is that this very feeling, so far from being an element of danger, is a most valuable "asset of empire"—if we may be permitted to use that detestable term. Experiments in "civilising" the more backward races, have usually, when not ending in disaster, been far from conspicuously successful. We cannot improve our laws and customs as those ready-made. It would not be desirable for us, in many cases, to adopt theirs, even so far as required for the purpose of administering their law. Surely there is no better way than to preserve their institutions as far as possible intact, and govern them through their own chiefs, backing up instead of undermining their authority, and assisting them by advice and information wherever necessary. This would obviate the difficulty of conferring the franchise on people unfamiliar with, and unsuited to, the Western type of representative government.

THE BISHOP AND THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

We are growing weary of dealing with the conduct of the clergy; but, since they are set upon a pinnacle of righteousness above their fellow men, it is both desirable and necessary that their attitude in regard to all questions of morality and conduct should be carefully watched and scrutinised. We therefore make no excuse for publishing the following letter from a Chester correspondent:—

> The village of Threapwood, on the borders of Flintshire and Cheshire, has lately become notorious on account of a series of happenings there.
>
> The chief actors in the situation are the curate-in-charge, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, and the school mistress.
>
> The village school is in Cheshire, and is under the direction of the Education Committee of the Cheshire County Council.
>
> The living of the parish became vacant some time ago, and although it is in the gift of the Bishop of Chester, he turned it over to his brother-in-law, the Bishop of St. Asaph, who placed in charge a man out of all sympathy with the parishioners upon almost every question. It has appeared to be his object to flout the wishes of the parishioners in every way, and to make himself generally disliked, even to the extent of insulting the old squire of the place—an old man held in the highest esteem by all around him. The conduct of this minion of the Church would not be worth notice but for the circumstances to which it has given rise.
>
> The village school has been presided over by a capable mistress for a dozen years. She is well beloved in the neighbourhood, and if ever a willing worker has been required for a good cause she has always been a volunteer. Besides her secular duties, she has directed the Sunday School.
>
> Most unfortunately it has come to light that this woman is living with a man who has always been represented as her husband, and by whom she is the mother of several children. A short time ago an old friend visited this man, and they fell out over something, and he, being well aware of the relationship between this man and woman, spread his knowledge abroad. This "husband," it seems, has a wife living, from whom he separated many years ago, as she was a woman he found it impossible to live with, and he since has given her every opportunity for divorcing him, but without avail.
>
> Meantime, relying upon this divorce coming, these two people have lived together happily, and cheated themselves into believing they were committing no sin. With that, however, we are not concerned.
>
> A week or so ago the Bishop of St. Asaph came to preside over a meeting of "welcome" to his protégé, and of course, this gentleman, being of an exceedingly religious and godly disposition, informed his lordship of the condition of things in connection with the poor woman. Would you believe it, sir, that before the meeting started the Bishop accused the poor creature of her sinful relationship with her "husband," and asked her to leave the room! The woman, simply dumbfounded at this bolt from the blue, left the room as requested.
>
> Now, sir, I am not condoning this woman's conduct, nor yet am I condemning her. It is none of my business. The question I want to bring before you is the action of the Bishop.
>
> It is strange though that the people of this village, much as they may have hated the woman's sin, are now with her heart and soul.

When you have read the story, if you are men, you will say: "Shame on the Bishop"; if you are women, you will say—well, we are not a woman (editorial custom must over-ride grammar), and so we can only guess. Let us tell the Bishop a little story, though the events to which it relates happened many years ago:—

While a certain Man of Nazareth was teaching in the temple, the Scribes and Pharisees of the district dragged before Him a woman taken in sin. They besought Him to condemn her, that she might be stoned according to the law. And when they pressed their demands, He said unto them, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." At this they went out of the temple, and He of Nazareth stood alone with the woman. When they were gone He said to her: "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord," she answered. "Neither do I condemn thee," said He. "Go, and sin no more."

Compare this incident with the one we have related above. What right had the Bishop to act as he did? An ordinary man of the world would not have done it—dared not have done it. Yet the Bishop constituted himself accuser without pity, jury without scruple, and judge without mercy—even without justice.

The Church is fast losing hold of the people. They hear in it a splendid Gospel preached but little practised. This is the work of professors of religion such as the Bishop of St. Asaph, who thunder when they should be silent, and are silent when they should thunder.

Black out the message of Him in whose name you speak, my Lord Bishop, and close the Book of Love and Mercy. You have neither eyes to read, nor heart to understand, nor tongue to give it utterance.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

We commend to our readers the following paragraph from the February issue of our legal contemporary *Law Notes*:—

> The way in which the Public Trustee is advertising, touting, and nobbling the Press is scandalous. In common with others, we have received a neatly-typed letter, and a small green pamphlet. How is the cost defrayed? True, the envelope was marked, "On His Majesty's Service," and did not bear a stamp, but the pamphlet cost money to print. Who pays the cost? Presumably the Government, as it is issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office.
>
> Now the Government has not the slightest intention of being out of pocket over the affair, so that the fees charged on trust estates must be fixed at a figure sufficiently high to pay expenses, the risk of mistakes, or misappropriation, and the cost of advertising.
>
> We wonder whether those who decide to burden their estates with the Public Trustee for the sake of "State Guarantee," which is boldly printed on the cover, realise that these costs are increased by the Public Trustee advertising himself and his office. In spite of all this booming, there are signs that the idea has not yet caught on. Mr. Public Trustee finds it necessary to pay a visit to Manchester to consult with the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which body has taken, it is said, a great interest in the Act.
>
> Well, there cannot be much work doing in the London office if he can find time to travel over England like a commercial traveller touting for orders.

Meantime, signatures to the Petition we are about to present to Parliament protesting against the scandal of Mr. C. J. Stewart's appointment are rolling in. We shall make a special announcement on the subject next week.

A member of our staff has for some time past been using a Waterman "Ideal" fountain pen. He finds that it possesses in an eminent degree all the qualities which go to justify its name—instantaneous and perfectly regulated flow of ink, smoothness, flexibility, cleanliness, and absolute reliability under all circumstances. Those desiring a first-class writing instrument need not look further.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

TO USERS OF FLUID BEEF AND MEAT EXTRACTS.

We invite the readers of JOHN BULL to test for themselves the advantages of the new preparation for making Beef Tea, Gravies, Soups, etc., called Fluid Ju-Vis. Fluid Ju-Vis is Beef strengthened and vastly improved in flavour by the addition of Vegetable Extract. Fluid Ju-Vis is SOLELY a Beef and Vegetable product and contains no adulterant whatever. In Fluid Ju-Vis you get about double the usual quantity for the same money, and we are satisfied that you will decide that it is at least equal in quality and flavour to any Extract you have used. To make Gravies, Soups, Beef Teas at half the usual cost, and like them better appeals to every one.

A 2-oz. bottle of Ju-Vis can be bought of Grocers for 6½d., or send 6½d. stamps for a bottle to G. Foster Clark and Co., of Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Another Stage Society: Some Questions.

After being pretty well talked to death by various clubs and societies organised for that purpose (or some other), the British Drama seems likely to be encouraged into its grave by other clubs and societies, organised heaven alone knows why. Some weeks ago I put a series of very pertinent questions to Mr. Herbert Swears, with a view to discovering any other purpose that might have been served by the Pioneers—which organisation was started by him—beyond the very desirable object of making Mr. Swears himself better known to the theatrical managers of England as a writer and seller of plays. I am waiting patiently for Mr. Swears' reply. Whilst he is getting it ready, I will devote a few moments to another semi-philanthropic venture of the same type—the English Play Society, which promises to do in itself what the Stage Society and the Pioneers are more or less successfully doing between them, and a lot of other little things besides.

The English Play Society.

It is the easiest thing in the world to get a large amount of free advertising for any scheme that touches the British drama. If you propose to start a soap works, or a cotton mill, or even an art gallery or a book-shop, and you send round silly circulars puffing your soap, or cotton, or books, or pictures, you may receive polite visits from an army of advertisement canvassers. But nary a line of free puffery will you get. Start a society for helping the British Drama, however, state your aims bombastically, and in bad English in print, and post that print to the papers; and ninety per cent. of them will publish what you say about yourself and your altruistic endeavours without spending five minutes on inquiry as to the need or value of the organisation in whose interest you propose to sacrifice yourself. In the same way, if you are trying to push an educational or other serious reform movement, most of the well-known people to whom you appeal will at once begin to make excuses. But request them to allow you to put down their names as supporters of any sort of Stage-aid organisation, and they tumble over one another in their anxiety to figure on your list. It is as pathetic and lamentable as it is strange; but it is perfectly true. The English Play Society is a case in point.

What is a Patron?

The English Play Society, whose address (pro tem.) is 153, Maida Vale, London, W., has issued what it calls a "prospectus," several copies of which have reached me. The Society's aims are stated as follows:—"(1) To practically encourage dramatic authors by criticising, awarding merit in, and producing their plays. (2) To entertain members generally by giving dramatic performances of the Society's diploma plays, and holding other functions of dramatic and social interest." That is to say, the English Play Society is to be a diploma shop. Such shops have been far too prevalent in connection with the musical profession for many years, but the dramatic profession, up to the present, has mercifully been spared from the burden and nuisance. The "patrons" of the English Play Society are stated to be: Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. J. Grant Allan (*sic*), Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Frank Curzon, Mr. George Edwardes, Miss Maxime Elliott, Mr. Charles Frohman, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Dr. Distin Maddick, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Gaston Mayer, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. James Welch. I do not know what a patron means in this connection: whether these managers have undertaken to buy such plays as may have diplomas conferred upon them, or only to sit through (in person, or by deputy) the performance of the same. Probably neither of the "patrons" could tell me what he or she is supposed to do to justify the title.

An "Advisary" Council.

Then there is a "Council" of the Society, called sometimes an "Advisory" and at others an "Advisary" Council. The ancient definition of an Advisory Council is a Council that never meet. That of the English Play Society may or may not meet, as the Executive Committee decides. The names of the members of this Advisory Council may possibly make others smile besides myself. They are: Messrs. F. R. Benson, Ernest Carpenter, Barclay Gammon, Percy Nash, Wm. O'Malley, Jerrold Robertshaw, W. Harold Squire, Sidney Valentine, and Aaron Watson. Some of these gentlemen I know personally. May I ask them in how far they matter in the economy of the English Play Society, and what they expect to be called to advise upon?

Useful and Ornamental.

Again, there are some mysterious "Inaugurating Members" of this Society: The Duke of Argyll, the Marquess of Waterford, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Countess of Warwick, Viscount Barrington, Viscount Hood, Viscount Iveagh, Lord Allington, Lord Kilmarnock, Lady Glover, and (Holy Saints!) Sir W. S. Gilbert. Who or what is Sir William Schwenk going to inaugurate, and will the inauguration be a wet or a dry affair? All these people named so far are intended doubtless to be ornamental—they are the good front-pagers of the prospectus. Now we come to the people who are to do the work. They consist of two divisions, the first of them to be paid, the second to be unpaid. I confess that the first list—the paid servants of the Society, the examiners—surprises me a little. For it contains the names of many busy well-to-do men, who, one would imagine, had more pressing and lucrative tasks to perform than the reading of the dramatic dump of these islands, and the marking of examination papers affecting the same.

Some Famous Critics.

There is Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Fortnightly Review*, for example; and there is Mr. Boyle Lawrence also, who is "Phœbus" of the *Daily Express* and the *Standard*, not to mention Mr. Philip Carr. The rest are mainly actors and actresses: Messrs. Graham Browne, Lewis Casson, Hubert Druce, Francis Howard, Herbert Jarman, Leon M. Lion, Eric Mayne, Edward O'Neil, and H. A. Saintsbury. May I ask these gentlemen whether they have been the sentences in this prospectus that deal with their relation to the Society? Those sentences read as follows:—

> The list of the Society's Expert Play Examiners, who have undertaken the work *mainly* out of sympathy with the cause, must in itself inspire confidence both in the author and the member seeking entertainment. The Examiners separately record their judgment of plays by a series of points made on the Society's Printed Examination forms, which then become detailed criticisms of the work, as well as denoting whether its merit equals the award of either the English Play Society's Preliminary Certificate or Advanced Certificate or Diploma. The Diploma denotes that the play holding the same is, according to the E.P.S. standards, worthy of public performance, and only plays of this degree of merit are to be represented before the Society's members. By arrangement, authors may have their MSS. re-read under precisely similar conditions in each case by more than one section of Examiners, and there can be little question but that by this means a very reliable and valuable judgment may be ultimately obtained.

Who are They?

Of the qualifications of the Executive Committee for the control of such a Society as this, I confess my ignorance. I have never, so far as I can remember, heard the names of any of them (save one), which, of course, is only to the debit of my knowledge, not of their repute. They are: Messrs. G. Henry Sawyer, Arthur Hands, and Frank Lacy; and Dr. C. Stanford Read; with Mr. Lyddell Sawyer (chairman and hon. manager), and Miss J. Burton (hon. treasurer). My breezy typist suggests that the presence of a medical man on the Executive Committee may be very useful when the diploma'd plays are in process of production; but my typist's humour is always a little elusive. Whoever drew up the prospectus richly deserves the thanks of all who may read it, for it is quite funny.

Rule by Bureaucracy.

Probably the English Play Society is being started by perfectly honest people, whose only aim it is to assist the budding dramatist. For my own part, however, I do not think the society is needed badly, and it seems to me to be founded on methods that, in the hands of unscrupulous or incapable persons, might do a great deal of harm. The slipshod character of the society's literature has "nothing to do with the case, tra la" (as Sir W. S. Gilbert might say); still it were better had some care been shown in this matter. A more serious point is the extraordinary powers vested in the Executive Committee—the power to alter rules and to expel members without appeal and to absolutely control finance. No doubt there are excellent reasons for all these provisions; and, if any member of the Executive Committee would care to state them I am sure the editor will not object.

P.

LAST CHANCE.—SALE ENDING.—Really exceptional Bargains; 4s. in the £ Discount off marked prices to clear the magnificent stocks of Jewellery, Silver Plate, and Watches at Saqui and Lawrence, 28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 54, Strand; 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road; and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion"), London.—[Advt.]

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(1) A copy of "THE FOUR MASTERS," by "John o' London."
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NAME.....

J 212. (Send this form or a postcard mentioning this paper.)

ADDRESS.....

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Art of Yesterday and To-day.

A contemporary publishes a portrait of one of our nineteenth-century beauties, and raises the question as to whether they were better-looking than their present-day sisters. I should think sufficient answer would be given in a glance at any fashionable throng when the London season is at its height. Perhaps Frenchwomen are smarter, or Viennese more vivacious; but the prize must still go to the natural, graceful Englishwoman, with her fresh complexion and gracious charm. No one, however, seems to consider that the fault may lie with our artists. We may have some excellent portrait-painters, but what is the secret that made the distinctive feature of Gainsborough's stateliness, Lawrence's gaiety, or Reynolds's simplicity? Their art has passed away with them, and though there are just as many lovely women to-day, I am afraid the records of this age will not prove it. The old masters painted to pourtray a beautiful woman; now the artist seems to strive to manufacture a creation in his own especial line of genius.

Concerning Dress.

A man once remarked in scathing tones that the women's page in a paper is always about dress. Men find fault with us because we think—as they say—of nothing else but dress, yet are always the first to blame us if we do not look nice, and a man considers it almost an insult if his women-folk do not please his fastidious taste in the sartorial line. "Render unto Cæsar those things that are Cæsar's." Dress, at least, is a woman's undisputed "right," and therefore she has every reason to give it a front place in her thoughts. After all, our first object is to either please others, or ourself, and the primary rule is to look pleasing. A badly dressed woman never does that. Then again, no woman really enjoys herself unless she feels she looks nice. This is not conceit, it is natural. The woman who does not care a bit about her appearance is unnatural, and an unnatural woman is hardly an ornament to her sex, nor even a useful addition. It is not given to all of us to be pretty, but we can, all of us, bestow a little care on our clothes. Neither is it necessary to waste hours over fashion books, nor spend pounds on hats and gowns. The great thing that has given the French woman, from the countess down to the midinette the name of being better dressed than any other, is that she always wears the right thing at the right time. She never shops nor walks down the Rue de la Paix in the morning gowned in a long skirt and a feathered hat, neither does she go to the other extreme and pay afternoon calls looking as if she had stood in the middle of the room and asked someone to throw the clothes at her. I have frequently met this kind of woman, and she invariably grumbles that she can never get anything to suit her. Another thing the French woman does *not* do is to wear her clothes all higgledy-piggledy with a sublime disregard as to which hat belongs to which costume, and she never goes out with untidy, worn-at-the-heel shoes, a feature which unfortunately distinguishes even some of our best-dressed women. And last, but not least, our *entente cordiale* sister is always neat in her attire, and she is as precise over her morning toilet as it she were going to a ball. All one requires to be well-dressed is a little care and attention to small details, and everyone is capable of that.

Ruffles and Ties.

The new fashion, or rather a revived one (for our grandmothers indulged in it) of wearing little frills inside the collar is decidedly pretty, provided it is not exaggerated. In the lace collar of a dress that has just come over from Paris I noticed a very narrow pleating of tulle, which looked soft and pretty, but the ordinary frilling bought by the yard is not expensive, and just as smart. Another attractive and quite new device for the mornings is to wear with a stock collar a small bow tie with narrow ends, about five or six inches long, made either of black glacé silk or black satin.

Table Decorations.

The latest fashion in this line is to have four small dwarf plants at the corners of the table, and one in the middle. Smilax or ribbon may be drawn round the pots and across the table. This is a charming and cheap way of table decoration, and certainly preferable to the large view-obstructing flower erection which has so often irritated us. The old-fashioned table centre is also luckily becoming obsolete.

Washing Gloves.

There is something very attractive and useful about washing gloves made in soft white or yellow chamois leather, some with a strap and clasp, to fasten, others with the orthodox pearl buttons. They are invaluable for morning or country wear, look smart and do not make the hand in the least hot. And the great advantage about them is that they really do wash, wear well, neither lose their shape nor shrink. But there is *one* way only to wash them, and so few people seem to know it. Wash the gloves with Lux, in fairly hot water, but *do not rinse them*. If they are a little stiff when dry, a few seconds' vigorous rubbing will make them quite pliable.

Organised Games for School Children.

The welfare of the school children of the present day is undoubtedly the subject of anxious care to many public-spirited men and women. School days certainly ought to be a pleasurable period of existence, and undoubtedly much happiness must have resulted from an experiment started twelve months ago in sixty-five County Council schools. This was the introduction into the actual school curriculum of open-air games such as cricket, basket-ball, hockey and rounders, all played under the instruction and supervision of the teachers. It had been feared that the giving up of a set portion of time to these organised games would act unfavourably upon what, after all, is the chief aim and object of schooling—education. But these not unnatural apprehensions have proved groundless. The report of the sub-committee states that the children are actually better in their normal school work as a result of taking part in these sports. If this innovation—so delightful to the kiddies themselves, whatever it may be to the ratepayers who bear the cost—becomes general, surely school will grow so attractive that truants will speedily become a race of extinct animals?

Babies.

Everybody is thinking about babies now. They have never been so popular as a community. Of course, individual babies are all wonderful. Dickens says it is a pleasant thing to reflect upon that every baby born is a finer one than the last. It *is* a pleasant thing, for when we get sick and tired of things, and grieve upon the sadness of there being nothing new under the sun, there is always the thought that babies at least will show us that there is some originality left in the world, bless them! It is really very clever of them to have made so much stir in such a quiet and unobtrusive way. Their motto is evidently, "Sit still and other people will worry for you." They have made themselves so charming and desirable that famous people like Presidents and Councillors are all anxious, like Oliver, to have more, and a kind man has come all the way from America to build special tea houses for them where they can have the best milk obtainable. Rumpelmayer and the Carlton will not be patronised any longer. It will be "Come and have a glass with me at No. 3 Station."

One of my readers suggests that a nice way of cooking fish such as bream or fresh haddock is: Open the fish, take out the backbone, then stuff it with veal seasoning, with a little butter for basting. Bake in hot oven for half an hour or three quarters. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Another reader says the following is a good recipe for currant loaves:—1 lb. of flour, 6 ozs. of butter and lard mixed, 6 ozs. of currants, 4 ozs. of sultanas, 6 ozs. of sugar, 2 eggs, a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a little milk. Method: Rub butter well in flour, add sugar, salt, spice, currants, sultanas (which have been well washed and dried), and baking-powder. Beat eggs well and mix with a little milk. Bake in a moderate oven one hour to one hour and a quarter.

What is Your Number?

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 173.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

This Advertisement will not appear again—the Closing Date of this GRAND COMPETITION is FEBRUARY 29.

SAMUDA'S (THIRD) GRAND LIMERICK.

SECOND, £100 Cash. THIRD, £50 Cash.
Consolation Prizes—Five of £10 each.

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Where the competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantee Whiffs, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Cigarettes in place of "Trayloe" Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Judges:

Mr. H. GREENWOOD SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*
Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*
Mr. IGNATIUS T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks.
They are content if the sales of "Trayloe" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions.
The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Trayloe" Virginia Cigarettes.
The "Trayloe" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 5s. 6d. per 100.
You are always smoking Cigarettes.
Begin now with "Trayloe"—a box a week.
Send a last line with each box you buy week by week.
It is no loss to you and you may win £1,000 Cash.

CONDITIONS.

1. The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Trayloe" Cigarettes together with postal order for 4s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (4s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Trayloe" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 4s. 8d., included. All Solutions must be in by Feb. 29th. See note headed—Important Announcement.
2. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
3. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Westminster Gazette" on March 10th.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. No member of the firm, employes, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY

JOHN BULL, 3

Address envelope—The Limerick Committee, c/o J. SAMUDA & CO., 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. .....1908.

Gentlemen,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Trayloe" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order, you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor. I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick to which the last line should be added:

Unique is the prize, so say we,
And not less unique is "Trayloe."
You've no loss to repine,
If you send a last line,
.....

(Please write clearly.)

Full Name .....

Postal Address .....

Town .....County .....

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Trayloe" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/6, including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

F.E.P.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Rev. Capel Young, Rector of Fawley, near Henley.

REV. SIR,—With reference to the distressing tragedy which has occurred in your parish, where during depression following a severe attack of influenza, a much respected man shot dead his wife, daughters, and two servants in their sleep, and then killed himself, I note that you thought it well to preach a sermon on the matter. That there are "words in season" a clergyman may properly say in regard to such a tragedy I do not doubt, and when it happens in a small village omission to say them might even be regarded as peculiar.

But, sir, it seems to me that there is a right way and a wrong way to preach on such a theme, and I regret you chose the wrong way. After some general references to the respect in which the whole family had been held in Fawley, and as regular members of your church, you proceeded: "And what shall we say about those two maid-servants who laid down their lives in the discharge of their duty? Evidently they had in God's eyes fulfilled their work in this life, and so He called them to Himself. Ethel Morris had been prepared for confirmation, and now in the fulness of His great love, not only has He drawn her nearer, but He has taken her wholly to Himself."

I find it difficult to characterise with adequate restraint your ideas and expressions as reported. If your words do not mean that, finding these poor girls of no further use on earth, the Almighty incited a demented murderer to slaughter them in sleep with the object of "drawing them to Himself," they mean nothing; and if they mean nothing it is obvious that your silence would have been preferable to your speech. But perhaps you do not know what you mean. Perhaps you never even thought about what you said. In any case, your doctrine, as uttered, seems to me not only to insult human intelligence, but to destroy that faith in Divine love and mercy upon which religion builds as its great foundation.

I will not trust myself to say more, but I could hardly say less. Permit me to hope, however, that when next you ascend your pulpit you will do whatever is possible to undo the mischief which your words must have caused within your congregation. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Gye, County Court, Basingstoke.

AN IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,—Do you mind keeping your politics for the fireside of your happy home, or for an arm-chair in one of the clubs devoted to the propagation of Tariff Reform? You are in your place as a judge, not as a politician. If you yearn for the political platform, kindly remove yourself from the judicial Bench; there are a large number of gentlemen at the Bar who would know how to perform your duties with more decency.

In a case which came before your Honour the other day, a railway workman said he had not been able to continue his payments under a judgment, because "coal and that" was so dear. You: "I thought when this Government came in things were going to be cheaper. Is bread dearer?" Debtor: "Yes, your Honour." You: "Sugar?" Debtor "Yes." You: "Tea?" Debtor: "Not much difference in tea." You: "If you happened to vote the wrong way, it serves you right."

If you were a heckler from the Tariff Reform League sent to a Liberal meeting, I should have nothing to say against this cross-examination of the candidate, idiotic as it is, and idiotic as it would be; but as you are a County Court judge, I take leave to draw the attention of the Lord Chancellor to it in order that he may give you the wigging you deserve. Let neither of us hear of a similar exhibition on your part again, or you may have to look for a situation more suited to your peculiar talents. JOHN BULL.

To E. A. Goulding, Esq., M.P.

MY DEAR PADDY GOULDING,—I have always admired your energy and vivacity. Your skill in organisation is only surpassed by the fascination of your manners. You certainly possess most of the characteristics which go to win elections. Rarely has anyone been such an adept at slapping people on the back. But what arguments you did use at Worcester! My dear fellow, how could you have the face to pretend that the increased cost of a few necessaries is in any way attributable to the Government or to Free Trade? Surely you must know that, if the late Government had remained in office, and had played fast and loose with tariffs, the cost of everything would have been infinitely higher. I do not rate your intelligence very high, for I have watched the workings of your mind, and behold it is very woolly. But I refuse to believe in your incapacity to master such elementary facts. I have heard the turbulent torrents of your Hibernian eloquence with its bulls, unfinished sentences, and insular barbarisms Still, now is your opportunity as a fighting member of a denuded and comatose Opposition, and there is no doubt about the fact that you will soon make your brogue heard at St. Stephen's both loudly and frequently. Do try not to be too abusive. JOHN BULL.

To Oscar Browning, Esq., M.A.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to congratulate you and the University of Cambridge on your impending retirement. My only wonder is that this happy event did not occur long ago. After failing as a master at Eton, you obtained a job as a teacher of history at Cambridge. It was an instance of promotion by failure almost worthy of the traditions of the late Lord Chancellor. There you quickly became a laughing-stock. No one would have attended your lectures if he had not been compelled to do so by his tutors, who were actuated by a spirit of log-rolling which may have been to the interest of dons, but was certainly not helpful to instruction. As a matter of fact, most undergraduates were content to pay your fees and put in an appearance at one or two of your lectures, which were quite sufficient to convince them that their time would be more profitably employed elsewhere. I remember an anecdote which went the rounds of the University some years ago. At the beginning of an academical year, a large number of innocent freshmen crowded your lecture room. In great delight you sent for the college porter and suggested to him that you would need a larger hall. But he only smiled in his superior way and exclaimed, "Oh! you just wait a time or two. Sir, you just wait a time or two." Your life has been one long pose. You have posed as a scholar and a linguist, gathering together unsophisticated persons to hear you read and interpret Dante, when you were scarcely capable of enquiring after the gun of the grandfather in the Tuscan tongue; you have posed as an historian and brought out a succession of dreary books, which few have read and none have remembered; and you have even intruded upon the arena of politics, to the great delight of the Conservatives whom you opposed at the polls. But perhaps your most offensive pose of all has been your assumption of intimacy with every celebrated person in the world. Your aim was, I understand, to be regarded as the shadow of great men, quite forgetting that they were already amply provided for with shadows and shadiness of their own. I believe you are the originator of the phrase that the German Emperor was the most charming Emperor of your acquaintance. I should not have gratified you with this letter but that I feel a protest is necessary against the scandal of high scholastic appointments being held during a great number of years by a man of such small attainments as your own. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Savary, Paris.

MONSIEUR,—You are a brave man, and I take off my hat to you. For centuries the world has writhed under the tyranny of a tradition, handed from generation to generation, and embodied in the absurd jingle, "Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." It doesn't. A very elementary knowledge of the conditions of society is sufficient to prove the statement an "inexactitude" of heavy calibre. It is the poor man who goes to bed early and rises before the day is aired, and would he be poor if he were wise? No, the theory is an imposture, and we who have hitherto obeyed under-protest, may now arise and cast off the yoke, strong in the knowledge that we have science—in the person of your august self—to support us. Why should man rise with that rather tiresome bird, the lark? Why not take the owl as a model, and stay out all night? But the spell is ended. You have preached the Gospel of the Dangers of Early Rising, and nine-tenths of the civilised world will acclaim you benefactor. Insanity, I note, is one of the "grave dangers" of getting up too soon, though, personally, I should have termed it "a condition preceding." By the way, I trust *you* have not been rising early of late? Although I have always cultivated the practice, I had no real conception of its danger. I am now seriously considering the introduction into Parliament of a Bill to Prohibit Early Rising. I fancy it would be popular. I should be the idol of the idle. *Vive la paresse!* JOHN BULL.

"MY DINNER BEER."

IN THE CITY.

BANKING FINANCE.

A MORAL.

We have received the following interesting communication from a correspondent who, by the way, is an Associate of the Institute of Bankers. The reader may not recall the London and Provinces Bank as among those with which he is acquainted, and perhaps he would find it difficult to locate it in any book of reference. None the less, he may rely upon it that although perhaps the title has gone a little astray, the facts relate to a very leading bank :—

That the London and Provinces Bank has some very able business men on its Board of Directors no one who has had dealings with this bank will deny. I have an instance of their push and enterprise before me now, something new in the way of a bank's half-yearly report and balance-sheet—a neat little *volume* containing the report and balance-sheet for the half-year ended December 31. But somehow this same little volume, apparently got up regardless of expense, leaves a bad impression in my mind. I may be prejudiced by the manner in which it was circulated. This particular volume was sent to the house of a bank official in one of the northern suburbs of London, where this bank has a branch the manager of which appears to be a pushing and enterprising man. On fresh people coming to live in his neighbourhood, they receive a letter suggesting that they may have banking business which would be more conveniently done locally, and offering the usual facilities. Touting is a rude word, and one not usually connected with banking.

But if touting—or, shall I say, canvassing?—is to become general among bankers, and the bank manager, cashier, or messenger is, in the future, to add to our street noises and rival the milkmen in his morning *call* in the area, with a tenor, baritone, or squeaky, and always anxious "Bank," that is none of my business at present.

Glancing at the Profit and Loss Account, after having read the long list of branches and agencies, I was struck by the evident economy with which the concern is managed, which should doubtlessly please the shareholders.

Current Expenses, £126,459 2s., *for the half-year*. Current Expenses in this case must include salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on profits and salaries, auditors' and directors' remuneration. What proportion is paid in salaries?

ESTIMATE OF WHAT CURRENT EXPENSES, £126,459 2S., CONSIST OF :

	£	s.	d.
Income Tax.			
On Profits (£151,895) at 1s. in £	7,594	0	0
On Salaries :			
Directors' Fees and Auditors	220	0	0
Staff	?		
Directors' Fees	4,000	0	0
Auditors' Fees	400	0	0
Expenses at Head Office, Branches and Agencies. (Expenses will include stationery, rent, rates and taxes, gas, electric lighting, coals, fuel, &c., cleaning office, wages of messenger, if and when one is kept, incidental expenses of all kinds.)			
Head Office and 182 branches at £50 ..	9,150	0	0
67 Agencies at £20	1,340	0	0
Clearing Agents	?		
Solicitors	?		
	22,704	0	0
Salaries for Half-Year	103,755	2	0
	126,459	2	0

From the above statement it is clear, from the three blanks left, and from the very low estimate of expenses at Head Office, Branches, and Agencies, that the amount, £103,755 2s., will be in excess of the actual amount allotted to Salaries. The stationery bill alone will probably be more than the modest £50 and £20 put down as the *total* expenses for Branches (including Head Office) and Agencies respectively, especially if they all advertise as much as one another ("advertise" is perhaps a better word than either "touting" or "canvassing"). Then, coming to the blank left opposite "Clearing Agents," Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. are hardly likely to do this part of the bank's business for nothing. The blanks left for Income Tax on Salaries of Staff and Solicitors will possibly not be very considerable, the tax on the Salaries of the Staff being presumably reduced to the irreducible minimum. From all of which, however, £100,000, will possibly not be too much to take as being paid in Salaries.

Now, if we take the number of branches and agencies and head office, 250 in all, and divide it into £100,000, we get as a result exactly £400 as an average paid in salaries by every office of the bank for six months, £800 per annum. It would possibly be more interesting if we *knew* among how many persons this £100,000 had to be divided; still, we can get some very interesting results from a good guess. Taking six as the average number of men employed in all offices, including the head office, which from the picture on the aforesaid "neat little volume" looks capable of accommodating a hundred or so, we get as a result 1,500 as the total number of the managers, cashiers, chief clerks, inspectors, accountants, clerks, and juniors. Divide this into £100,000; the result is £66 13s. 4d. for six months —£133 6s. 8d. per annum, the average wage per annum per capita paid by this bank. Six men for every branch and agency *may* be too high an estimate, or, again, it may not. Taking ten as the average number employed in each office we should get the outrageous figure of £80 per annum as the average wage paid to all ranks. That must, of course, or ought to be, out of the question.

And this bank pays a dividend of 18 per cent. Think of it—eighteen bright sovereigns for every original hundred pounds of capital, earned by men who do not, in many cases, get a living wage. Generally speaking, *marriage is madness* for most bank clerks before they are thirty-five; in this case it is worse—it is murder and suicide.

The moral is obvious, to parents and guardians and all having the launching of boys on a lifelong career. Don't throw them into a bank as the quickest and easiest way of making them keep themselves. Banks and bank clerks are not what they used to be. Make enquiries first, and then think.

No wonder we have the "screaming sisterhood" so self-evident. If we could marry off some of them to bank clerks who ought to have been married in the dim ages, we should have no Suffragettes!

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

HOW A POLICY WORKS OUT.

"The Gresham," wrote our excellent contemporary, *The Statist*, recently, "has throughout its entire history been a very enterprising Company." However that may be, it can hardly be said that it deals very generously with all classes of its policy holders. We have just had a visit from a gentleman who holds two policies issued by this Company, and this is how they have worked out.

The first policy was for £600. At the time of taking it out the Insurer was 33 years of age. The Company contracted to pay it either upon the Insurer attaining the age of 55, or upon death. The Insurer reached the age of 55 a few weeks ago. He had then paid to the Company all told £600 1s. The sum offered to him by the Company is £633 18s.

In the second case the policy was for £400, the payments commencing in 1888. The sum paid to the Company by the Insurer has amounted all told to £410. The policy has now matured, and the Company holds itself indebted to the extent of £420 2s.

It is not surprising that the Insurer demurs to this very meagre return, and the Company's reply to his protest may be of interest to intending insurers. Here it is :—

Referring to your letter of the 5th instant, we would point out that the above policies were effected under a special table, in which the charge for profits is very small, and the resulting bonus is naturally less than would be obtained in the case of an ordinary immediate profit policy.

Apart from this, however, the experience of the Society for many years during the currency of these policies, has been in certain respects unfavourable, and, as you are no doubt aware, during the period of five years 1895–1900, no profits were distributed, but the surplus arising was carried forward for the purpose of strengthening reserves.

While regretting that the bonuses attaching to these policies have not been more satisfactory, we can only confirm the fact that the figures of £33 18s. and £20 2s. already quoted, represent the equitable share attaching to these contracts, having regard to the total amount of profits which have been earned by the Society.

ARKOKERRI MINES.

We again have before us a satisfactory crushing—this time for the month of January—showing a total production of 1,663 ozs. of fine gold, being 1,440 ozs. from 3,200 tons of ore, and 223 ozs. from 1,780 tons of tailings. The total estimated value of the yield is £7,047—but again not a word as to the cost of mining. What is the explanation of the mystery? Surely the expenses do not eat up the whole of the gold obtained or anything approximating to it! If so, not only is there something radically wrong in

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 587 Westminster and 1765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwerk," London.—Advt.

the working of the mine, but the directors are adopting a very extraordinary course in withholding the information from the shareholders.

A BANKRUPTCY BILL.

A correspondent, who was the creditor of a small estate, sends us the result of the liquidation .The figures are instructive. The total receipts amounted to £147 19s. 11d. Of that sum the Board of Trade took £21 8s. 9d. Law costs came to £30 15s. 7d., the Trustee's remuneration to £24 18.; a person appointed to assist the debtor got £7 7s.; auctioneer's charges amounted to £13 14s. 8d.; and the cost of "possession" to £19 16s. 11d. The *Gazette* got £3 17s., and "incidental outlay" accounts for £19 6s. 8d. These several items bring up the outgoings to £141 6s. 7d. There remained a balance of £6 13s. 4d., and that the debtor got as allowance.

Our correspondent wants our opinion upon it. "It may be wrong," he writes, "but to me these figures read like a story of a bare-faced robbery." The criticism is crude, but it is a very faulty system that makes such figures possible.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE BANK.

The directors of this Bank inform us that important proposals are being made for the expansion of the business in Japan, and Sir W. B. Perceval has gone out to carry on the negotiations. As soon as possible after his return the Annual General Meeting will be called, and accounts and balance sheet presented, as well as the report of the result of the visit to Japan of Sir W. B. Perceval.

The telegraphic summary received from the General Manager at Yokohama states that taking the investments at cost price, the earnings of the Bank during the past year have more than sufficed to cover expenses, but owing to the very low price ruling on December 31st last, some provision may have to be made for depreciation in the value of the investments. As, however, they consist of Government Bonds and other high class securities, any such provision will probably be of a temporary nature.

THE PEKIN SYNDICATE, LTD.

We have received from the offices of this company various and bulky documents, among them the Report of the directors to be submitted at the Ordinary General Meeting to be held on Monday next. The most interesting portion of the Report relates to the negotiations for the re-sale to the Chinese authorities of the Syndicate's rights in the Shansi Provinces. After much haggling, the representative of the Syndicate was instructed to accept the last offer of the Shansi delegates, namely, Taels 2,750,000, half to be paid on the 21st inst., and the other half in three equal yearly instalments, beginning May 19th, 1909. While agreeing, however, to surrender the Concession upon payment of the money stipulated for, the directors have not abandoned all prospect of yet doing work in Shansi. It is part of the agreement that if ever further capital is required for mining, iron smelting, or transport of materials (meaning presumably railways), the Pekin Syndicate shall have the first option. The expenditure on the developments of the Concession during 1906 was £103,800, and makes a total to that date of £524,000.

JEREMIAH ROTHERHAM AND CO., LTD.

We have received the report of the directors of this Company which shows that the trading of the year has resulted in a net profit of £58,825 12s. 5d., as compared with £51,600 in the preceding period, or a gain of 14 per cent., and the highest figures yet reached. We congratulate the shareholders upon the satisfactory position of their undertaking, and the directors upon their conduct of the business. The shares of this Company represent at their present price a sound and good investment.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE GENERAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—S. W. (Bridgwater).—We have no information respecting the society you mention. We thank you for your kindly references.

SALE OF SHARES.—CYRIL (Ilford).—It is very difficult to dispose of shares that have no Stock Exchange quotation, but, as the shares of the company you name are, as you say, quoted at Cardiff, you should apply to a local broker, who no doubt would be able to quote you a price.

FURNESS, WITHY, LIMITED.—H. O. T. (Kilburn).—The outlook at the moment is not as bright as it might be, but the company can point to a very prosperous record.

JOHN KNIGHT AND COMPANY.—W. T. M. J. (Bromley).—Yes, but we think it would be just as well to keep the small amount you name in the Savings Bank.

NATIONAL AMALGAMATED UNION OF SHOP ASSISTANTS, WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS.—SECRETARY (Plymouth).—We are much obliged to you for your courtesy in sending us various papers and also a copy of your last annual report and balance-sheet, which shows, we are glad to note, a very encouraging growth in connection with the fund, and general improvement in branch administration. We note that, although there had been increased expenditure over the previous year of £1,343, the balance to the credit of the Provident Fund increased by over £2,600. You appear to be doing excellent service to the large body of men you represent, and you have our heartiest good wishes.

SALVATION ARMY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—C. J. H. (Bristol).—It is difficult for us to advise you upon the letter you send us, which is anything but lucid. You bring grave complaints against the way in which the managers of the society have treated you, and, if your statements are true, they deserve serious attention, but we cannot act upon your letter as it stands. You probably have some friend of repute in Bristol who is acquainted with the facts, and if you get him to make out a plain statement, and support it by corroborative evidence, we will go into the matter carefully.

THE CROWN GAS AND OIL COMPANY.—F. W. (Bishops Stortford).—You ask our opinion of this company, and you say that the Vice-President, Mr. A. C. Budd, has been canvassing round your town and district, and obtained many sums (paid in full) for shares from folk in a small way of business. Mr. Budd, it seems, was four years ago a collector and canvasser for the Prudential Company in Liverpool. The Crown Gas and Oil Company was, according to its own account, formed for the purpose of promoting the gas and oil industry of Canada by developing oil fields leased by the company. We notice that the officers and directors of the company are, with one exception, living in Ottawa—the exception being a Mr. Arthur Ryan, who signs from Tilbury, Ontario. There is consequently no control of any sort or kind from this side, and nobody resident here to represent the interests of English shareholders. Under these circumstances, and, without expressing any opinion upon the merits of this Ottawa concern, we are strongly of the opinion that the shares should be left to the people of Canada, who have better opportunities of knowing whether the company has any claims to confidence than we have on this side.

PURCHASE OF MINING SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Sheffield).—There is no quotation for the shares you name, and we doubt if they have any real value. The information you now ask for is belated. Why buy shares about which you know nothing, and from persons of whom you are equally ignorant?

HEARTS OF OAK.—W. H. C. (Chelsea).—It is a very flourishing society. The other shares you name are very speculative.

SUTHERLAND REEFS.—W. A. B. (Battersea).—If you can sell at any profit, we advise you to do so.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM ASSOCIATION.—T. B. (Forest Hill).—The matters to which you refer are now before the Courts.

INVESTMENT OF £20.—T. B. (Norwich).—Better keep your £20 in the Savings Bank until it has grown somewhat larger.

TWO SYNDICATES.—AN ANCIENT READER (Leytonstone).—We have no information respecting either of the two syndicates you mention. The secretary's letters to you do not suggest a very prosperous state of affairs.

OFFER OF BROKER.—BULLITE (Brighouse).—The offer is slightly below the market quotation, the quotation given by Mr. Sanders being about the market price. If you want shares in the company, it is a good opportunity of getting them, but we should prefer another selection.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—M. O. (Darlton).—Have nothing to do with these people. F. F. (East Finchley).—(1) There is no connection so far as we know. (2) Have nothing to do with the Pan Asiatic Tea Company, which has been exposed several times in our columns.

NEUTRIOLA COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. O. R. (Birmingham).—We cannot assist you in the matter. The investment was not a wise one.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—JOHN (Boro' Bridge).—We can only advise you to pay the remaining instalments upon their handing you the Bond as agreed. JOHN (Aldenburgh).—We do not think there is much to complain about in this particular transaction. Your better plan, if possible, would be to pay the remaining instalments over the counter upon the Bonds being handed to you.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—H. W. M. A. (Derby).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter.

BROKEN HILL WATER SUPPLY.—T. G. G. (Guiseeley).—We think not.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—ANXIOUS ONE (Pimlico Road).—Yes, we should pay the balance and get the Bonds. When you have got them, write to us again, and we will tell you the market price.

DEBT TO MONEYLENDERS.—F. E. B. (West Hampstead).—Your case seems a hard one, but we fear you will have to pay the arrears that have accrued whilst you retained the possession of the piano.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—D. J. D. (Swansea Valley).—Northern Brewery Ordinary, which at their present price would give you about 7 per cent.

J. A. HARDY AND CO.—A. W. (Beeston).—We have no information respecting these Debt Recovery Offices. We daresay they would serve your purpose as well as another.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—B. B. (Great Tower Street).—We cannot express an opinion without seeing the papers. It all depends on what you agreed to do. O. T. M. (Paternoster Row).—The answer is in the negative.

MAXIMS, LIMITED.—F. A. L. (Preston).—We should hold. It does not follow that because there was not a large subscription the business is not a sound one. If you have good ground for what you say as to the allotment, you will be justified in withholding the call now due, but as to whether you have this justification, we express no opinion.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

A Record.

A few days ago a list of new K.C.'s was published. The present Lord Chancellor is known to be of the opinion that of late years admission to the Inner Bar has been made much too easy, and it may be taken that new creations sanctioned by him relate to men whose claim to "silk" is not disputable. The most noteworthy names in the new List are those of Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Alexander Grant. Mr. Smith has established a record. We can recall no instance of a man who has got silk at such a short interval after being "called." Mr. Smith became a member of the Bar in 1899, and he has therefore got silk in less than nine years. An unprecedented success. It is indeed true that Erskine, who was called in 1778, obtained a Patent of Precedence in 1783, but that is not quite the same thing.

Present Members of the Bar.

To come to the living members of the Bar, we find that Sir Richard Webster, admittedly a most lucky man, got silk 10 years after he was called. Fletcher Moulton, another very lucky lawyer, took 11 years to get it. So, too, with Haldane. The present Lord Chancellor took 11 years and Mr. Asquith 14. Sir Robert Finlay 15 years, Sir John Lawson Walton 13 years; the present Attorney-General 12 years, Sir Edward Clarke 16 years, and the present Master of the Rolls 20 years. Even Mr. Rufus Isaacs, of whose unique success at the Bar we hear so much, did not get silk until he was a barrister of 10 years' standing. It will be seen from this that Mr. F. E. Smith's "call" is very noteworthy. There is no honour that the practice of Law confers that Mr. Smith—a man of 36 years of age—may not reasonably aspire to if health remains with him—and Dame Fortune does not jilt him.

A Word of Advice.

Perhaps a word of advice to Mr. Smith may not be amiss. It is, not to "overdo it." The strain upon a man who is in large practice at the Bar, and who is also an active member of Parliament, is great. Usually the busy lawyer is not very active in the House and on the platform, but there is no more busy member of Parliament than Mr. Smith, and as for platform work, he seems to be ubiquitous. He will have to pull in before long if he is not to break down. It would be difficult to name a lawyer of greater physical force than the late Lord Chief Justice of England. The story is told of a barrister who went into the Library in Liverpool. He saw a man working up some cases. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Working up cases for Russell," was the answer. He went round the Library, and found that there were no fewer than six men "working up cases for Russell." "Yes," said the sixth man, "there are six of us doing the work of one man in order that one man may do the work of six." It was magnificent whilst it lasted, but Russell retired from the Bar at 52 and was dead at 58. Mr. Smith has still to win Russell's great practice, but already his briefs are tumbling in and he will have to take in sail if by and bye he is to sit where Russell sat.

Success at the Bar.

Why does one man fail at the Bar and another succeed, though the failure may not be the inferior in ability or character? The question is often asked, and we do not know that it has ever been convincingly answered. There is no more democratic occupation known to man. Some of the greatest of the Lord Chancellors have been men of very humble birth. Some of the leading barristers to-day are essentially middle class men. Almost the only prominent man at the Bar at the present time who belongs to a great House is Lord Robert Cecil. The late Lord Sherbrooke used to say that nobody could expect to get a start at the English Bar unless he was related to busy men in the solicitors' branch of the profession. But that is putting it much too high. Friendship with a leading solicitor may be useful in giving a man a chance to show what he is made of, but if the right stuff is not in him it will do no more. Something must be put down no doubt to luck. Take, for example, Erskine, of whom we speak above. An accident gave him his first case. In Rex *v.* Baillie, a rule had been obtained from the Court of King's Bench to show cause why a criminal information for libel should not be filed. Erskine was the junior of five counsel, and it was his good fortune that the prolixity of his leaders consumed the whole of the first day, thereby giving him the advantage of starting afresh next morning. He made use of his opportunity to deliver a speech of wonderful eloquence, skill, and courage, which captured both the audience and the Court. The rule was discharged and Erskine's fortune made. He received, it is said, thirty retainers before he left the Court. But here again, unless the man had transcendent gifts, the opportunity would not have been taken advantage of as it was. Probably most of the failures at the Bar are due to square pegs being in round holes. Nature may have intended a man to be a solicitor, but he insists on going to the Bar. The result is that he is a complete failure at the Bar, though he might have made an ideal solicitor. Failure must not always be set down to bad luck, or want of friends. As far as forensic business is concerned, certain physical, moral, and intellectual qualities are essential to success, yet every term there are many men called to the Bar who are obviously lacking in such essentials. Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., has them in very abundant degree. A cultured and brilliant orator, a sound lawyer, a keen logician, and, withal, a dignified personality—to what heights may he not ultimately attain!

LEGAL ENQUIRIES.

Unpaid Water Rate.—L. A. C. (Fulham).—The best way to find out whether the Adelaide land has been sold to defray unpaid water rate is to inquire of the secretary, Lands' Titles Office, Victoria Square, E., Adelaide.

Company Shareholders.—D. J. (Rhondda).—It is competent for anyone by paying 1s. to inspect at its registered office the register of any company—whether private or public. An annual return is also filed at Somerset House, and is open to inspection on payment of a small fee.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

THE INFLUENCE OF DIET ON THE HUMAN ORGANISM.

In one of his educational treatises Mr. W. T. Stead has collected the opinions of a number of other eminent men who have reached the winter of the years on what to eat, drink, and avoid. Sir Theodore Martin, 91, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, 84, Sir William Huggins, 83, Sir William Crookes, 75, Lord Bobs, 75, and a gentleman named George Bernard Shaw, who is 51, and has not yet reached years of discretion, all contribute to the symposium. The moral I draw from their opinions is that if you take nothing to eat but food, and nothing to drink except liquid refreshment, you are likely to achieve a ripe old age if nothing happens to prevent you.

Now this is what I should have expected even if my friend Stead had not published the solemn convictions of these gentlemen to the world. There is something in breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper which tends to the prolongation of human life. Whether it be the proteids or the nitrogenous extractives, the carbohydrates or the fats, the vegetable acids or the inorganic salts, the water or the oxygen, I do not pause to consider. Certain it is that the longer you are able to take food and drink the longer you live. This is at once the axiom of science and the law of nature. If the dietetic experts agree in nothing else, they agree in this—that the people who have lost their appetite for food and drink are all dead.

What I feel bound to impress upon the populace of this great nation is the scientific fact that a man of average height doing a fair day's work in exchange for all the money he can get anybody to pay him for it, requires such a quantity of food that its combustion, supposing it were all converted into the equivalent of mechanical energy, would raise 4,000 tons a foot high. In other words, supposing your stomach were a boiler and the rest of you were a steam crane, and further, supposing that the water in the boiler were converted into steam by the combustion of food at ninepence a plate instead of by the combustion of coal at 1s. 5d. the bag, you ought to be able to raise 4,000 foot-tons in one day. I am not saying you would, because I have never done it myself; but that is the dietetic value of food expressed in terms of science. In other words, taking it that one ounce of beef fat is equal to 151·56 foot-tons, as it is, and one ounce of proteids equal to 165·2 foot-tons, and one ounce of carbohydrates equal to 151·66 foot-tons, you would need eleven ounces of beef fat, or twenty-four ounces of proteids, or twenty-six ounces of carbohydrates before you would be equal to the job with comfort to yourself and satisfaction to your employer.

I trust I have made myself luminous; if not, kindly permit me to proceed. The dietetic experts have a machine called a calorimeter. I have never seen one, but I assume that it is something between a sausage machine and a steam-roller. Anyhow, by means of the calorimeter it seems to be possible to estimate the quantity of energy or force evolved under the form of heat during the oxidation of a given weight of alimentary substance. Now, the daily food required to support life is equal to the muscular force in action which would raise a ten-stone man 10,000 feet. On this basis, if you would be capable of developing this muscular force, you must eat daily 1·156 lbs. of Cheshire cheese at 10d. a lb., or 5.068 lbs. of potatoes at 1d. a pound, or 7·815 lbs. of apples at 1½d. a lb., or 3·532 lbs. of lean beef at 1s. a lb., or 3·001 lbs. of boiled ham at 1s. 6d. a lb., or 2·209 lbs. of hard-boiled egg at 6½d. a lb., or 9·685 lbs. of carrots at 1½d. a lb., or 12·020 lbs. of cabbage at 1d. a lb., or 0·553 lbs. of cod-liver oil at 3s. 6d. a lb., or nine bottles of pale ale at 10d. a lb.; you pay your money and you take your choice. Such is the voice of science as I hear it, and I decline to argue; but I shall be glad to have the name of the firm selling pale ale by the pound.

There are persons who do not eat meat, and others who swear by cabbage, carrots and beans. Some recommend fish and others nuts, figs, and hard-boiled eggs.

For myself, prolonged and anxious study leads me to the conclusion that if you eat all the food you prefer and partake of some of the drink you like best, you may look into the face of heaven and earth without anxiety and without fear.

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OUR SOCIETY COLUMN.

By Lady Jezebel.

The De Butterines have arrived. Mrs. De B. is looking as charming as ever, though a trifle pale, owing, it is said, to her husband's late losses at *rouge et noir*. Her three charming daughters are still in the marriage market, and, unless the wealth of pimples on their three faces is equalled by their dowry, likely to stop there.

The weather here still remains warm and the temperature of the Divorce Court has, I understand, recently gone up several degrees. London is not yet properly awake, though one or two interesting events have lately happened, which a good many smart folk will regret having missed.

Lord Scrapecarrot took the waters several days ago. It is some years, I fancy, since his lordship last partook of this liquid. Moonlight Soap was the brand used, which as everyone knows is unequalled for scouring big pots.

The Hopscotcher party was a large one, including the Hon. Wm. Sykes (who has just returned from a botanizing expedition abroad), the Duchess of Cheese, and Lord Nozoo. The entertainment provided for the guests was charming, comprising as it did a solo on the comb by the Duke of Cannot, and a barebacked performance by Mrs. Decolleté née Miss Altogether; also a few marvellous summersaults by Lady Bloomer.

As the professional conjurer had somehow failed to put in an appearance, Viscount Vicoke generously offered to act as substitute. After having neatly performed the three-card trick, the affable young nobleman requested the loan of a few watches. (It is always, as you know, the correct way to open a performance of this description.) These forthcoming, he produced—after a prolonged search—a somewhat ancient-looking sixpence, which he observed with that original wit for which he is so justly famed, was "the last of the family plate;" and amid the roar of laughter that greeted this sally he held the sixpence in his hand and said "Go!" And it did.

I don't say it went bang like the Scotsman's, but it certainly went. The Viscount looked somewhat uneasy afterwards and confessed to a fear of having lost it. Instantly a search-party was organised, but it was not till after Miss Cabbage Potts (of Boston, U.S.A.) had unsuccessfully flashed the light from her celebrated diamonds into every nook and cranny that the affair commenced to assume a serious complexion. Much commiseration was expressed for the unfortunate young nobleman. Miss Vi Negar suggested that certain persons should be searched, to which unpleasant insinuation the Baroness Scrag retorted with the observation that *her* father had never kept a rag and bone shop. Miss Vi Negar asked with a sneer whether she got her bone from her mother's side. An excited discussion took place, while poor Mrs. Hopscotcher was in tears on Lord Noland's lap.

In the middle of all this it was suddenly discovered that Viscount Vicoke had followed his sixpence. The host assured them it was only a practical joke and the watches would be returned later on.

Practical it certainly was, as the Viscount laughingly remarked when showing the tickets to an intimate friend next morning. He intends to devote the proceeds to the Society for the Propagation of Indigent Noblemen's Lunch-beer.

There is no truth in the rumour that a quarrel arose between Bertie Darling and Col. Porridge at the Honourable C. Monson's Garden Party last week. It is true the former called the latter a "fellah," and that the gallant Colonel retaliated by throwing his empty winkle-shells at his aggressor's head, but matters went no further, and both the remarks and winkle-shells were ultimately withdrawn.

I venture to prophesy that I shall be able to report particulars of a nice fruity scandal next week.

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Before going forth to face your daily toil, fortify yourself with a cup of hot Vi-Cocoa. Then, and then only, will you be able to brave successfully the nipping cold, the choking fog, and the penetrating damp of our wintry days.

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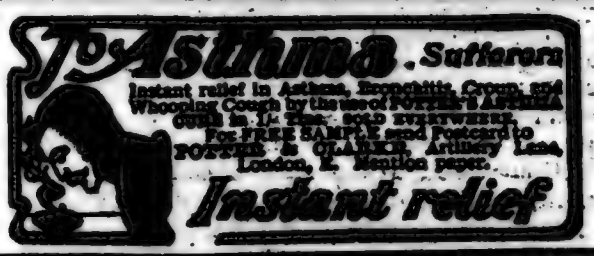
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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Black Stain." By George R. Sims. (London: Jarrold. 1907. Price 1s. net.)

My first impression of this pamphlet was that Mr. Sims had presented us with a new comic annual. Attention is drawn to the cover by a black mark, which might be either an effort of the Russian Censor or an accident of Mr. Sims' inkpot, or a sample of a new hair dye. The frontispiece represents a cynical-looking young person apparently preparing to play the part of a monkey in a pantomime. A little further on the same atmosphere of hilarity is maintained by a full-page advertisement of two books, one entitled "The Comic Side of School Life" and the other "Comic School Tales." Then I came upon an advertisement which began: "If people only realised the benefit of mustard, no trouble would be considered too much to keep the mustard-pot replenished." I began to laugh, as polite people do when they hear something which they suppose is intended for a jest. Then I turned to the preface and found: "I am not a temperance advocate, though as all sane men and good citizens must do, I advocate temperance." This being almost up to the standard of the wit of an ancient Greek philosopher, I rocked from side to side with merriment. This, however, was speedily arrested, for I very soon found that the book is intended as a serious indictment of cruelty to children.

Mr. Sims, as a painstaking journalist, has undoubtedly unearthed a great many hard cases, where children are insufficiently protected. He has also discovered some astounding cases of unconscious irony.

> In the sitting-room of a house in which, in a back room, was a horrible bed, on which three cruelly-neglected, vermin-tortured, half-starved children were sitting huddled together in wailing misery, I saw a framed picture of the Saviour with the little children gathered around Him. Beneath the picture I read these words:—
>
> "Feed My lambs."
>
> In the parents' room there is a baby's cot by the side of the bed. The condition of the cot is revolting. Nothing in it has apparently been touched for weeks.
>
> In this foul cot I picked up a dirty feeding-bottle. The teat which the unhappy baby will presently put into its mouth is lying on the foulest portion of the foul rag—you can call it nothing else—on which the baby has lain during the night.
>
> On the wall of the room downstairs is a memorial card to a child of the family who has passed away at an early age. Upon it are these words:—
>
> "Only to us a short time lent
> Was our sweet child so dear;
> God soon recalled the gift He sent,
> And left us weeping here."
>
> Judging by the baby's feeding-bottle, I should say that another gift is likely to be recalled at an early date.

It is certainly very necessary and high time that public attention should be drawn to such scandals as those which Mr. Sims reveals; but I submit that he would be more convincing if he would abstain from exaggerated and absurd language. A phrase like the following, for instance, is almost as disconcerting as the inkspot on the cover.

> In the Ju Ju Groves of Christian England the human sacrifices are little children, and the high priestesses of the Ju Ju Groves in which the children are cruelly slain, are the mothers of the victims.

And most of the photographs in this pamphlet tax human credulity too far. I, for one, absolutely refuse to believe that human skeletons can suddenly be developed into plump and prosperous persons, except by the artful aid of a camera. And if we may not believe a camera, which, as everyone knows, "cannot lie," how shall we believe words written by Mr. Sims, whom we know to be a journalist?

"Circe's Garden." By C. Gouldesbury. (London: Nash. 1907. Price 6s.)

This is a rough and ready story, which sounds almost as if it had been lived. Vincent Trenchard, "Englishman and rubber specialist," joins Harold Brancepeth, "a typical Colonial," in Rhodesia, and falls in love with his wife. She is annoyed with Brancepeth through some misunderstanding, and is about to elope with Trenchard when everything is cleared up. A mild native rising and some stupid prattle on the part of the Brancepeths' baby are intended to supply adventure and pathos, but the workings of the mind of the various characters are graphically, even dramatically, described, and I think I may safely say that the book is worth skimming.

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I am interested in your system of Technical Training and desire to increase my earning power. Please send me, post paid, free of charge, the Book covering the subject before which I have marked X on the Coupon, and full information how I can succeed in same.

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"CRIMINAL LIBEL." Should the Duke of Norfolk prosecute the Author of THE WHITE ROSE MYSTERY for Criminal Libel?

Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN, the notable or notorious Critic of JOHN BULL, has recently suggested that Mr. Gerald Rice ought to be prosecuted by the Duke of Norfolk on account of certain incidents described in

THE WHITE ROSE MYSTERY.

Mr. Herbert Vivian is peculiar in his views, and it is doubtful whether many readers will be found to agree with him. His is "the voice crying in the wilderness." The rest of the Press have applauded and approved Mr. Rice's new book.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH: "A breathlessly exciting novel. It is a wonderful story. In some imperious fashion of its own it compels attention. You simply cannot help reading it. Its vivacity is infectious."

THE SCOTSMAN: "The facile audacity of the book's invention is fairly balanced by its cleverness, and the story is always interesting to read."

YORKSHIRE POST: "Mr. Rice is to be congratulated on having discovered a new sensation. . . . It is done in good taste, and we can imagine the King himself reading the book with genuine amusement."

These are just a few out of over forty laudatory notices.

The White Rose Mystery. 2nd Edition. Price 6/-.

Who Stole the Crown Jewels?
Read THE GANG, by DAVID WHITELAW 2s. 6d. and you will know.

WHAT NOVEL HAS HAD THE LARGEST SALE DURING JANUARY?

Beau Brocade.
By the BARONESS ORCZY. 6s.

WHY?

Read "Beau Brocade."
That is the answer.

WHAT ARE THE BEST NOVELS FOR MY LIBRARY LIST?

"THE LOVE SEEKERS." By Mary Wolpole. 6s.
"THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE." By Robert Aitken. 6s.
"THE HARVEST OF DECEIT." By Clive Pemberton. 6s.
"LADY LILIAN'S LUCK." By the Comtesse de Bremont. 6s.
"A CHARMING GIRL." Hume Stuart. 6s.
"THE PLACE TAKER." By Peter Dariston.
"VENDETTA." By Joseph Prague.
"BRENDAVALE." By H. Black.
"LET HIM REMEMBER." By May Wynne.
"THE NEW GALATEA." By Samuel Gordon.
"LEROUX." By Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes.

Send a postcard for Greening's New Catalogue.

GREENING & CO., Ltd., 91, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE THRONE."
The High-Class Illustrated Weekly.
Price Sixpence.
Numerous special and illustrated articles by famous experts.
NEW OFFICES—
161A, STRAND, W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the L.C.C. trams are to be sold to defray the cost of feeding the school children.

That C. Arthur Pearson has acquired control of JOHN BULL—and sacked Jim Crow.

That Lord *O'*Curzon was among the many enquirers after C.B.'s health.

That Jim Crow is an ardent supporter of the Licensing Bill.

That Judge Bodkin was *worsted* in the Markham Challenge.

That Mr. A. J. Balfour has made a lucid declaration of his policy (on the back of an envelope).

That Mr. Keir Hardie has been silent for two months.

That Mr. Walter Long has represented the same constituency in two successive Parliaments.

That Mr. Hall Caine has written a letter to the Press containing only three references to himself.

That Mr. Frank Richardson has published an article in which the subject of whiskers is entirely ignored.

That Mr. A. E. W. Mason has been photographed without his eyeglass.

That Mrs. Eddy and "Doctor" Clifford have gone into partnership.

That Mr. George Robey considers that he is overpaid.

That Sir Thomas Lipton will win the America Cup.

That the English team will win the remaining Test Match.

That the *Times* is about to inaugurate a "Limerick" competition.

Some of the marriages we see might be rightly described as "clerical errors."

The "cushion cure" is now fashionable. It reaches the seat of the mischief.

In a case at the Bankruptcy Court, a debtor's liabilities were £7,000, and his principal asset a gold watch. But he couldn't pay in time.

The new hansometers will doubtless take many an ugly fare.

Daylight was excluded at the Vanderbilt wedding. The honey-moon was near.

A woman booked two seats at Kennington Theatre for herself and pug. Better a live dog than a "deadhead."

A deserter from the Seaforth Highlanders secreted himself in a coal-truck. Evidently burning to be a grate soldier.

The Crown jewels have not been found, but the report is a remarkable finding.

"Pictures in Parliament" runs a *Daily News* heading—"King's Speech," "Old Age Pensions," "Education." Quite a cinematograph affair.

A DISTINCTION.—Advertisement in the *Stage*: "Wanted for Pantomime, eight tall show chorus ladies and several pretty, intelligent girls.—Call at once at," &c.

The Rev. Maurice Day, Dean of Ossory, was last week elected Bishop of Clogher. "The better the Day the better the deed."

The roof of a coal pit is reported to have "fallen in without warning." Did they expect a fortnight's notice?

Did anyone notice the ecclesiastical appearance of the police perjury case? There were two Churches and a Sexton in it.

The good little ship "Royalty" ought to have got safely to harbour if we had let Norman Roe and Jannette Steer.

Signora Toselli (ex-Princess of Saxony) accompanied her husband at his concert, at Milan. But not on the piano.

"The Druce Case did not contain what we had been *lead* to expect," says one of the subscribers.

After the thefts of fowls at Enfield lately, it is proposed to alter the name to "Henfield."

Critics said that our army was deficient in marching power. To maintain the balance of efficiency the new bayonet will be longer so that our men will not require to march so far before coming into contact with the enemy.

At present a discussion is being held on the question, "Are Churchmen mean?" We have heard of some who were, at any rate, low.

"In Greece the currant is omnipotent," says *Grocery*. It takes the bun.

NATIONAL GALLERY SENSATION.

Secretary Interviewed.

£70,000 Picture for 2/6.

Rush to Secure Copies.

Quite a sensation has been caused, not only in art circles, but among the general public, by the recent announcements in the Press that the National Gallery's greatest treasure, the masterpiece of all the world's Old Masters, the "Madonna dei Ansedei," painted by Raphael, and sought after by every gallery in Europe, but eventually secured for the British National Gallery for the stupendous sum of seventy thousand pounds, had been reproduced in an expensive form of reproduction, and published to the public at a price usually associated with the cheapest class of pictures.

The work of distribution has been undertaken by the premier firm in Great Britain of art engraving publishers, the Standard Engraving Society, and it is through this firm that members of the public may now secure copies of the world's greatest work of art.

Readers are probably aware that the composition and subject interest of this picture are more attractive and interesting than in any other of the paintings in which the Madonna is the central figure.

An interview with the secretary of the firm conducting the work elicited a great deal of interesting information.

PREVIOUS PUBLICATIONS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

"Naturally," he said, "with a world-wide business in engravings at all prices, from the lowest to the highest, we are accustomed to considerable rushes on the part of the public from time to time to secure copies of new engravings, especially when they are of really great masterpieces, which should always have an increasing value; but even we were astonished at the immediate recognition of the public of the exceptional opportunity which was being offered of securing for half a crown a picture which in a few years' time may be worth, as far as we can judge, anything up to five or ten pounds each."

In answer to the question as to whether there was any limit to the number of copies which it had been decided to issue to the public, the secretary gave the information that of necessity the high-class nature of this form of reproduction compelled his society to set a limit upon the number they issue. He pointed out that, while it would doubtless be a disappointment to any who applied too late, at the same time this very limit of numbers would be an advantage to those who had not delayed, in that it would tend to make the value rise more quickly than if a larger number were issued.

NEARING THE END.

At the present time the Standard Engraving Society hold a supply sufficient to last a few days from the date of this announcement, allowing for a demand at the rate of that of the last week, but the demand is daily increasing, so that readers who wish to make sure of a copy would be wise to send in the application form printed below not later than to-day or Monday next.

Asked as to whether there was any likelihood of his Society issuing any future editions of the work, the secretary told us that that depended largely upon others, who would doubtless be influenced by public feeling in the matter, but he said that it was more than probable that any future edition would have to be at a much higher price than that of the present issue. However, it seems unlikely that any further editions will be undertaken by the Standard Engraving Society, and certainly nothing will be done which can do other than increase the value to the holders of these works of art.

In order to secure delivery of a copy within a week readers should send their names and addresses, together with postal order for two shillings and sixpence, when they will be enrolled as subscribers for the work, which will be despatched in rotation. That is to say, the earlier the application the earlier the impression which will be received. Art connoisseurs will be aware that the earlier the impression the greater the subsequent commercial value.

Applications should not be sent to the National Gallery, but to the Secretary, Standard Engraving Society, 70, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

.....

CUT THIS OUT.

The filling in and posting of this Form immediately, together with Postal Order for 2/6, to the Secretary, Standard Engraving Society, 70, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

SECURES 'JOHN BULL' READERS FROM DISAPPOINTMENT

To the Secretary,
Standard Engraving Society,
70, Imperial Buildings,
Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

Sir,—Please enrol my name as a subscriber for a copy of the special engraving of Raphael's "Madonna dei Ansedei," for which I enclose Postal Order for 2s. 6d. in complete payment.

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

N.B.—The Secretary desires to intimate that as a large number of members of the trade, and of subscribers, after receipt of their copy, may desire to purchase many copies of this engraving to hold as a speculation for a rise in the value, and owing to the circumstances, and the expensive method of reproduction, it is quite impossible to supply such applicants. THE LARGEST NUMBER OF COPIES WHICH CAN BE SUBSCRIBED FOR BY ONE APPLICANT IS THREE.

[ADVT.]

The true reason for the prejudiced view taken by the world of the Jewish race has been explained at last. The Jews, it is alleged, invented the bagpipes.

An American gentleman says that he brought home his bride behind the same horse as his father used for a similar purpose twenty-three years ago. The poor animal has seen a lot of trouble.

A young woman who sued a tradesman the other day stated that she had married him, but, unfortunately, she lost the lines. She might not have won anything if she had sent them in.

It is rumoured that several Suffragettes will attempt to gain entrance to Parliament disguised as gentlemen. Why not disguise themselves as Members of Parliament?

The strange phenomenon of a "white rainbow" has been observed. Did the colours get washed out?

In a recent divorce case, petitioner stated that his wife never kissed the co-respondent before him. Of course, she always kissed him first.

The Countess of Sefton, travelling in Abyssinia, has slain her first lion. Over here, the "lion" is the lady-killer.

"Bishop and Time Limit," reads a heading. For sermons, we hope.

"There *are* good investments," says *London Opinion*. Do its readers need reassuring?

News from Morocco says that General d'Amade has decided to advance directly on Ber-Rechid. He'll Ber-Rechid till he gets it.

Six specimens of an extinct species of butterfly have been missed from Charterhouse School Museum. Someone has been grubbing round.

The bugle upon which the charge of the Light Brigade is said to have been sounded has just fetched £300. Not the six hundred!

A shop front full of furniture was blown across the street at Belfast in a gas explosion. Evidently it was on the higher system.

"Literature is all right," says J. C. Snaith. All write, but mostly wrong, would be our definition.

A Baptist minister at Washington has been stunned in the pulpit by a piece of plaster which fell from the ceiling. He "brought the house down."

The private soldier who was recently tried by court-martial, and found guilty of "refusing to go to bed when ordered," was rightly put under arrest (a rest).

"The sense of humour is the oil of life's engine," says the *Star*. You can even move "cranks" with it.

According to the *Tailor and Cutter*, the House of Commons is much better dressed nowadays. The Lords will be getting "fits."

At an Irish National School, sixty children have "struck." We advise the schoolmaster to strike also.

The famous "Daniel Lambert" hostelry, on Ludgate Hill, is to become a tea-shop. The Lyons have swallowed the Daniel.

The leaders of the Doukhobor sect have decreed that no man shall own more than one shirt. Followers will have to bare it.

EXAMINATION PAPERS:—

If a boy has no ticket at the barrier, should the collector clip his ear?

If a man is cut off with a shilling, where is the sore point?

At the railway-station, if a man helps a young lady to alight, need it lead to a match?

If a man is three sheets in the wind, how long would it take to make him dry?

Does a thief consider the time is ripe when he picks a pocket?

When a man finds himself in a pickle, is it possible to help himself out with sauce?

If a man has another on a piece of toast, how long would it be before he is done brown?

Is it always possible to raise the wind with a draft?

When a man needs "squaring," state the probable amount of cash to bring him round.

State the amount of kid a man may use before he is suspected of acting the goat.

If a man has a screw loose, is the mind unhinged?

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relieves and cures. This well known remedy is now made up in the form of SUPPOSITORIES in three sizes, small, medium and extra large, at 2s. 9d. per box. Specially adapted for the cure of piles (bleeding and blind). Send P.O. for 2s. 6d., and secure a Box POST FREE. HOMOCEA is the world famed healer for all Wounds, Sores, Bites, Burns, Cuts, Eczema, &c., 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per tin. It subdues Inflammation and allays Irritation. Of all Chemists, or direct, Post Free, from Dept D,
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ASK FOR CATALOGUE B
J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.—A large number of solicitors throughout the country have sent us copies of Mr. C. J. Stewart's recent touting circular. We quite agree with what many of our correspondents state as to the scandal attaching to the waste of money involved. Will any reader desiring a copy of the Petition for signature kindly write us direct?

G. Q. (Maidenhead) sends us a broadsheet of closely printed matter containing "the result of fifty years' study in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." Here is a specimen of the conclusions at which our friend has arrived:—"Paying taxes on imported food to provide themselves with Old Age Pensions would confer the dignity of independence upon all the men and women of these islands." He also thinks that under a system of Tariff Reform it would be possible to supply school-children "who appear to be in a badly-nourished condition," with "a breakfast of plain wholemeal biscuit," thus saving "the trouble and expense of cooking." On the whole, we fear that G. Q. might have made better use of those fifty years.

SOMEBODY has sent us a copy of the Irish paper *The Lepracaun*, and we have been greatly shocked by one of its cartoons. It depicts our good friend Tim Healy with Peter at the Gates of Heaven, bearing many letters of recommendation from Archbishops and others. But Peter won't have it at any price. "We had *one* rebellious chap, and he got fired out. He is in business for himself now and you might do worse than try him for a job." Very blasphemous. Is *The Lepracaun* a religious paper?

J. T. S. (London) sends us a handbill which was "being distributed to both sexes, old and young, at a mission meeting being held at St. Saviour's Church, Pimlico." The circular is of the usual hysterical, erotic character, and contains about fifty questions which the recipient is to answer—with a special prayer adapted to the reply. *Of course*, the first question is, "Have I given a right proportion of what I possess to God?"—"God" being synonymous with the mission, we presume. "Have I used the Bible in a wrong way?" and "Have I done anything impure, when alone or with others?" are typical enquiries. And here is the delicious prayer: "For these and all my other sins, *which I cannot now remember*, I am heartily sorry, firmly resolve to do better, and most humbly ask pardon." And this is the twentieth century!

"JUSTICE" (Kensington) wants us to drop a post-card to Derry and Toms *re* their treatment of their staff, but we must have further corroboration of his statements before we can pillory the firm.

MR. JOHN E. WOOD, whom we recently described as the "Lambeth Loyalist," because he made a lot of hungry youngsters send a message of loyalty to the King before giving them a tea, says he is proud of the title. During thirty years' experience as a teacher he has always instilled into the minds of the youngsters to "Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, and Honour the King." Why not *Love* God? But he didn't keep the kids waiting. "The tea was not quite ready to be poured out, and it was my business to seize the psychological moment to carry out the loyal wishes of the children"! "Psychological moment" is good. But we will wager a copy of JOHN BULL to a china orange that any other resolution would have been carried unanimously during that moment!

A. J. F. (East Barnet) tells us a pitiful tale of the hardships endured by the "Carmelite Clerks," as he calls the Harmsworth staff. But A. J. F. must remember that the pioneers of all great movements should be prepared to endure hardships.

R. L. (Halifax).—Blow the Vicar of Queensbury and his choir. To Halifax with the lot of them.

A. M. (Hull).—We are glad we saved you 4s. 6d., and will call for our commission in the morning.

Q. T. (Wales).—They are not nice advertisements, but how do you propose to stop them?

G. H. (Rotherhithe).—We are very sorry, but the enormous amount of our correspondence makes delay inevitable.

P. C. A. (Wimborne) answered an advertisement in the *Weekly Times and Echo* where £200 was offered to a suitable person to take care of a child for three years while the parents were in India. He received a reply from Gordon Grange and Co. (advertising and inquiry agents, 82, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London), informing him that his letter was among several others considered to be likely to prove suitable, that two references were required and the sum of £1 to defray expenses, and that a member of the firm would call upon him on receipt of the money. He informs us that no such parties are known at the address. What has the *Weekly Times and Echo* to say to it?

F. W. C. (Abertillery) sends us a witty and emphatic answer which he addressed to the Great Pan-Asiatic Tea Co.

An Interesting Book on Health.

SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.

JOHN BULL readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well wotth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it.

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power—its vitality—and when your vitality is up to standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, and dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power, and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.—ADVT.

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Benger's Food really Assists Nature.

Benger's Food really assists Nature by gradually restoring the weakened stomach to the stage at which it can undertake the digestion of more solid foods. Its particular and important feature is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power, according to the directions on each tin.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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210, Tottenham Court Road, and 11, Alfred Place, W.C.
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are prepared to advance money on Motor Cars at 10 per cent. per annum. Separate Rooms are allotted for Storing Cars deposited.
Telephone Nos.—7812 and 7868 Gerrard.
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From the nature of our business we are in a position to offer high-class Cars at less than half the market prices.
Inspection Invited.

FITS CAN BE CURED AT HOME.

I have devoted my life to the study and cure of Epilepsy. Every case is treated **individually** and receives my **personal** attention. The treatment is **simple**—results **certain**. My medicine contains no Bromide of Potassium or Poison. Write for proofs and Full Particulars *sent Post Free.* MR. GILBERT DALE, 44, Parliament Chambers, St. Smith St., Westminster, London, S.W.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
If so, What is your Number?
SEE PAGE 173.

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate), reverts to his claim to the Irish Throne, and informs us that he desires to be known as Brian the Second. He offers to make us his official organ, and to find a place for Jim Crow in his cabinet. As an additional inducement he mentions that, out of 169 independent sovereigns, 150 died violent deaths, and 4 died of the plague. We wish his Majesty better luck.

J. R. W. (Edmonton) writes a long letter on the subject of premature burial, and calls our attention to a Bill about to be presented to Parliament, providing that no burial shall take place without a medical certificate given after personal inspection of the body, and also providing for death verifiers, to whom any dissatisfied person may appeal. The Bill also suggests that power should be given to the justices to order the exhumation of any body buried without a certificate, and for the establishment of a mortuary for the custody of bodies until death has been conclusively ascertained. The whole subject is a gruesome one, but it shall have our best attention.

J. G. B. (Aberdeen).—The explanation is that our cover goes to press earlier than the rest of the paper, and alterations are frequently rendered necessary at the last moment. We would gladly take one of our biscuits if we felt we deserved it. We take your observation about glass houses to apply to the *Aberdeen Bon-Accord*, in respect of their quaint version of our posters.

S. P. Q. R. (Carter Lane) tells us of two instances of letters officially addressed to the postal authorities getting into the hands of the Premium Tea swindlers. He says the post-offices in question were Margate and Clacton. We cannot believe that this was anything but accidental, but fail to understand how the officials can be so lax as to allow original letters to pass out of their hands.

T. W. (Ilford).—Rather too obvious a misprint.

"HONEST" (Bethnal Green).—We are afraid your congratulations upon our "stamping out" the notorious Emanuel are premature. He is always changing his bait and name. Davis, the "pawnbroker," is, of course, another of the swindlers. We think the best advice we can give the public is never to respond to advertisements of wearing apparel, second-hand silver, etc., emanating from such parts of the S.W. Postal District as Clapham Road, Brixton Road, and Tulse Hill.

A. H. B. (Fulham) sends us some warnings for persons who contemplate migrating to Canada, which is described as "the most inhospitable country" in the world, and crowded with unemployed.

A. S. (Stroud Green) asks whether it is argued on behalf of alcohol that it arouses humour and conviviality, and, if so, whether such humour is of the right kind "as viewed from different standpoints." But there are many different standpoints with regard to humour. Occasionally a bibulous person makes a joke which is worth remembering. And we suppose a drunken jester is at least sure of an indulgent audience.

W. W. (Colchester) sends us a demand note he received for one farthing, in respect of a rate "for special expenses under the Sanitary Acts." He walked a mile in order to pay it, and having nothing less than a halfpenny in his possession, and being unable to obtain change, he made the guardians a present of the additional farthing. He ought to have had it credited to his next rate. We shall be glad to know whether he received his demand note by post or special messenger.

J. W. B.—We have no space for a further exposure of the London Premium and Tea Company and its companion swindles.

H. L. M. (Leeds).—"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it *is* so!"

J. A. (East Farleigh) sends us a foolish pamphlet which Colonel Warde, M.P., has been circulating among his constituents. But most M.P.'s do that kind of thing.

C. W. O. (Merton).—Many people have finished, to their own satisfaction—if to that of no one else—Dickens' novel, "Edwin Drood." It is quite correct that Lord Curzon was refused an English peerage by his own party, when in power.

W. S. (Manchester).—We cannot tell you anything as to the provisions of the Government's Licensing Bill till we have seen it. We are not in the Cabinet *yet*.

A. G. A. S. (Portsmouth).—Thanks for encouraging letter. We must not say more, or you will be identified—and perhaps censured!

A. V. St. A. (Westcliff) claims to have discovered a cure for consumption, but the authorities at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption refused to allow him to experiment upon their patients. The medical profession is notoriously jealous of innovations, but if there is anything in the new cure, no doubt our correspondent will not lack opportunities of testing it.

"ENLIST" (York).—You should communicate with the Secretary of State for War, Whitehall, who will doubtless furnish you with full particulars relating to the Royal Engineers, or any other regiment.

W. C. P. (Acton Hill), Colonel J. H. (Old Broad Street), W. H. (Leeds), L. E. P. (Brighton), C. H. F. (Devonport), D. D. (Leeds), J. L. (London, W.C.), "Paradox" (Alderley Edge), F. C. J. (Sheffield), R.A. G. (Hackney), P. W. (Brixton), J. G. B. (Bakewell), E. F. (Reading), T. S. (Upton Park), R. E. (Cambridge), C. J. M. (Plymouth), A. W. F. (Whittlesea), and D. R. (Chelford). We are much obliged by your interesting communications, which are all carefully noted.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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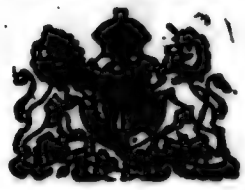

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